Saturday Review

DECEMBER 23, 1961 / 25¢
SPECIAL YEAR-END ISSUE

RECORDINGS

SECOND TIME AROUND
The Political Topography of Today's World
By Theodore H. White

FILM DIRECTORS AT WORK
Their Impact on the Art

SR's Annual Report on the Movies

RECORDINGS
Record Critics' Poll
The Liszt Sesquicentennial

SR6845S1
MISS CAROL MAYNARD
PUTNEY VT
SR5093O8 216-270-322

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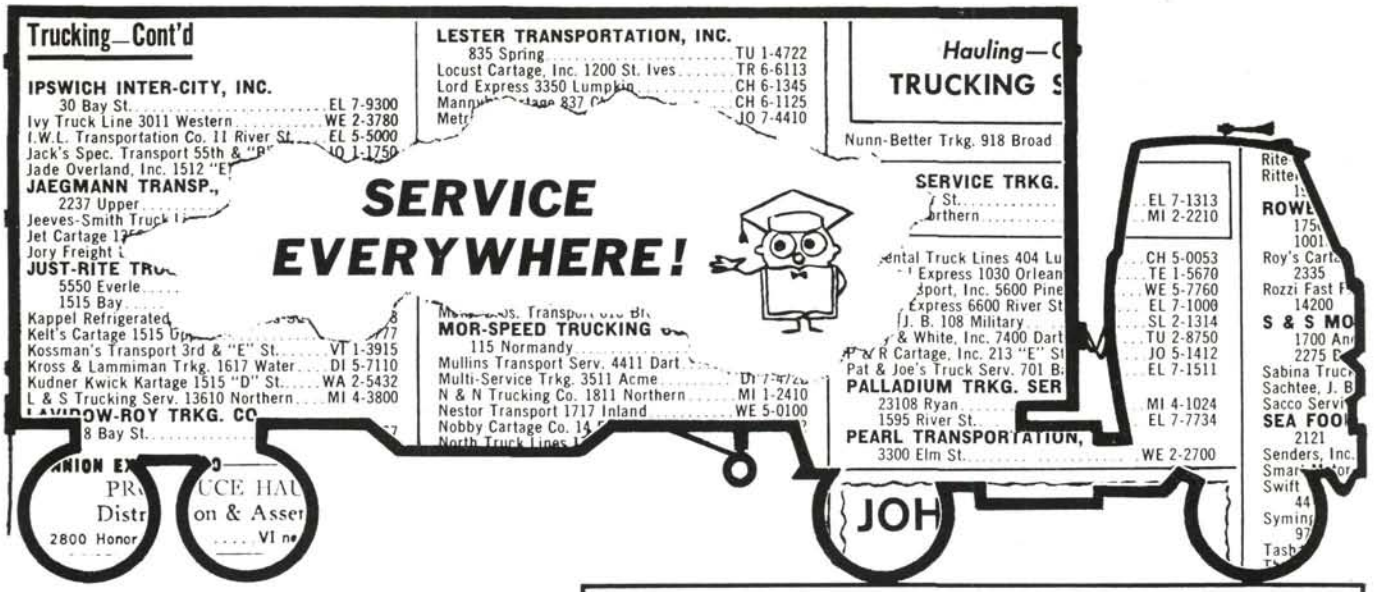
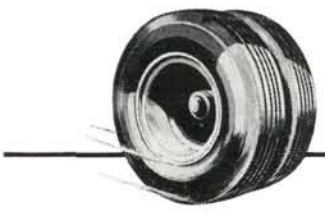


THE BIGGEST LITTLE BUSINESS IN THE WORLD!

Along with some 75% of this nation's freight tonnage, individual initiative rides with the millions of trucks that serve America. A giant overall industry employing more people than any other industry save agriculture, motor transport is for the most part made up of thousands upon thousands of relatively small trucking firms, many of them owned and operated by the original founders, or their sons. Most of these started with one vehicle, driven by the founder, and their steady growth to fleet-size has testified to their successful performance of a vital service without which the U. S. could never have grown and developed as it has . . . Because there has always been good, healthful competition within the trucking industry, the shipper and the public have benefitted from accelerated improvements and far-reaching innovations . . . Truly it can be said that motor transport has grown out of the people to serve the people!



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Reader's Digest invites you to take

MUSIC, INC.

Any 5 RCA Victor records stereo or regular L. P. for only $1.87

Prices charged by many dealers total up to $29.90

If you join the new RCA Victor Record Club now and agree to purchase only 5 records during the year ahead

NOW, to enjoy the best in music, choose from the outstanding records shown here—for far less than you would normally expect to pay. Select the 5 you want most, to start membership in the *new* RCA Victor Record Club. Now that Reader's Digest Music has taken over operation of the Club, you get all these unique benefits:

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EACH MONTH you will be offered a Featured Selection for the Division you join — either Popular or Classical. If you want this record, you need do nothing. It will come to you automatically. Or, you may choose any other record you wish from *either* Division, or take none at all that particular month.

The records shown here are typical, in quality and variety, of the hundreds the Club will offer you. Choose the 5 you want most, and mail the coupon today.

Van Cliburn

The piano virtuoso all the music world has acclaimed.

5. The biggest-selling classical L.P. of all time.

224. "One of the outstanding performances."—High Fidelity

340. Fresh triumph! "Virile . . . flowing . . . sensitive"—LIFE.

354. Cliburn and Reiner perform Schumann's greatest work.

307. A contemporary classic mixing drama and passion.

306. The most famous symphony ever written. Powerful! Compelling!

326. Chamber music with melodies that flow like a river.

320. A stunning modern work in glorious modern sound.

314. The glory of Debussy's "Sea" splashed in hi-fi.

317. Mighty surge of tone blending a great organ with full orch.

335. The haunting majestic score features an exquisite vocal solo.

325. Monteux premiered this work and made it famous.

324. The divine Schubert in glowing performances.

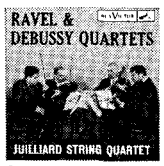
333. Colorful and refreshing as the change of seasons.

323. Called the greatest harpsichord player of all time. (Reg. L.P.)

291. Rich Spanish Gypsy moods spun by the peerless guitarist.

331. Perfect blend of excellent musicianship & sensitive direction.

313. Definitive recording of a superbly romantic masterpiece.

315. Electronic stereo reprocessing of one of his finest performances.

318. The foremost masterpieces of French chamber music.

310. Pinnacle of art! "Passion and power." —N. Y. Times.

309. The powerful Tchaikowsky in most glowing performance.

339. Brilliant, masterful interpretation by Heifetz and Reiner.

311. Met's new sensation sings Puccini and Verdi arias.

345. The great Basso of our time sings 8 arias. (Reg. L.P. only)

952; 952A; 952B. Complete opera with libretto. Celebrated cast! Bravos from the critics. "The Turandot one has waited for, and it supersedes all previous albums"—N.Y. Times. "It ranks as a milestone"—Hi/Fi Stereo Review

This 3-disc set counts as 3 selections... Enter each number separately on coupon.

Harry Belafonte

Calypso to tender folk-ballad, his dynamic artistry captures the moving spirit of them all!

950 and **950-A.** The actual concert recorded live!

Two-record set, counts as two selections. Write both numbers on coupon.

341. New calypso album Belafonte fans have waited 6 yrs. for.

3. Also: God Bless the Child, other blues types/rhythm backing.

299. One of the most brilliant piano concertos ever recorded.

316. "A compendium of marvels...sublime," noted The Reporter.

RCA VICTOR RECORD CLUB, c/o Reader's Digest Music, Inc.
P. O. Box 3, Village Station, New York 14, New York

25-12

SEND ME the 5 RCA Victor records whose numbers I have filled in at the right, billing me only $1.87. I agree to purchase during the year ahead, 5 additional records, at the Manufacturer's Nationally Advertised Prices (usually $3.98 for Popular, $4.98 for Classical; stereo an additional $1.00). I understand a small handling and postage charge, plus sales/use taxes where applicable, will be added to each shipment.

Thereafter, for every two additional records I purchase, I will receive a dividend record of my choice, FREE.

SEND ME THESE 5 RECORDS (Fill in numbers here)

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] (25)

Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

☐ CLASSICAL ☐ POPULAR

(Check only one)

☐ Check here if you have stereo equipment and wish these and future selections in stereo.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If you wish membership credited to an authorized RCA Victor Dealer, please fill in below.

Dealer _____

Send no money. A bill will be mailed. Offer applies only in the U.S., its possessions and Canada. Canadian residents write RCA Victor Record Club, c/o Reader's Digest, 215 Redfern Ave., Westmount, Quebec.

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In Stockholm, and other world capitals, the dry delight of Hine Cognac makes this export of France the choice of discriminating people. Hine, preferred since 1763, because it is the *dry* Cognac.

"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. COGNAC BRANDY • 84 PROOF

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 23, 1961

Cover design by Pageant Studio

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How do you rate your newspapers?

Professors Praise Our Defense of Constitutional Guarantees

To the Editor: Minnesota's College and University Professors express our appreciation to the Minneapolis Star and Tribune for your efforts to teach all citizens the meaning of the United States Constitution and Bill of Rights. We are glad to have your newspapers working along with America's educators in this vitally important task.

It is not easy to teach such complex ideas as those in our Constitution and Bill of Rights, but we believe, as you do, that the principles enunciated in these documents are the foundation of American democracy, and that they have meaning for us today as they did for our forefathers who drafted them.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are extremists among your readers who consider the principles in the United States Bill of Rights "dangerous ideas." You are under attack from the extreme left and from the extreme right, and you must expect this, especially from the people Walter Lippmann recently called "the radical right." The truth is that it is those who reject the principles expressed in the Bill of Rights who are the "subversives" in our society.

We honor you for your efforts to teach all citizens that due process under law is necessary for civilization. When you editorialize on violations of due process, when you expose the distortions and manufactured evidence in a film such as "Operation Abolition," revealing the injustices perpetrated when proper procedures are ignored, you will inevitably be criticized.

Regardless of the criticism, it is your obligation to teach everyone that our search for security must not betray us into encroachment on the freedom of the individual under law. Please continue to remind us that every despotism in history has indulged in arbitrary arrests, and that the American Constitution seeks to prevent this. We need to be reminded of such lessons as can be learned from Anthony Eden's statement to parliament:

"Never would I be prime minister of a government that sought powers to detain on suspicion or hold a man until evidence could be gathered against him. Parliament will take no leaf out of the totalitarian or McCarthyite book"

The principles expressed in the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh amendments to our Constitution are hard to teach. We congratulate you for your continuous demonstration of how and why, if liberty is to be preserved, authority must be uncompromisingly kept within the bounds the Constitution has set.

WE PROFESSORS are especially grateful to you for your continuous efforts to teach the necessity for freedom of information in a democratic, free society. We commend you for resisting the pressures to curb information — pressures from the increasingly well - organized radical right.

You have taught your readers that censorship is contagious, and that it is dangerous to democracy. You have shown that when the climate of opinion insists that what some people regard as "obscenity" must be banned, there is danger that book-burning will become fashionable, extending to all fields, even politics and religion, You have taught that censorship and tyranny go hand-in-hand.

YOU HAVE taught that knowledge based upon the evidence gained through free, honest scholarship is superior to knowledge based upon conclusions dictated by politicians. You have reminded your readers that a new winter wheat can be developed only through free science, that a new cure for cancer can be developed only through free medical science, and that to maintain civilization our legal and political science professors must be free to criticize the machinery of government and its operators.

You have, in short, explained why academic freedom is necessary, not for the welfare of the professor, but for the welfare of every man, woman and child.

THROUGH your report-thought control exercised ing and editorializing you have shown the people of Minnesota and the Upper Midwest the distinction between the kind of freedom of information guaranteed by the first amendment and the kind of in totalitarian systems.

Your teaching has helped your readers to preserve a perspective and a balance in troubled times; it has helped to maintain a faith in the traditional principles of the American Constitution and Bill of Rights. We are very grateful, and we congratulate you for your courageous and effective teaching.—**Minnesota Conference of American Association of University Professors, G. Merf Cansler, president; William L. Kolb, vice president; Robert Owen, secretary-treasurer, and the following presidents of AAUP chapters in Minnesota: Paul D. Waldorf, Mankato State college; David K. Berninghausen, University of Minnesota; E. Karen Kivi, Moorhead State college; Kenneth O. Bjork, St. Olaf college; H. Bradford Tompson, Gustavus Adolphus college; Ronald Gearman, Bemidji State college; Earl T. Millen, Winona State college; William L. Kolb, Carleton college; Paul M. Gustafson, Macalester college; Calvin W. Gower, St. Cloud college; Herbert Burke, St. John's university; Robert Heller, University of Minnesota (Duluth).**

This letter to the editor, reprinted from the "Open Forum" page of the Dec. 8, 1961, Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, was authorized by a resolution adopted Nov. 25 commending these newspapers for consistently defending academic freedom and civil liberties.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING
Minneapolis Tribune MORNING & SUNDAY
520,000 COMBINED DAILY • 660,000 SUNDAY
JOHN COWLES, President
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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

THANK YOU. Thanks, especially, to:

R. J. Watson, of St. Louis, who suggested the name INSIDE NATIONWIDE;

Marshall W. Krause, San Francisco, who wrote, "I love your advertising and attitudes";

Mrs. Jack Miller, Noblesville, Ind., who advised us to advertise on TV;

Walter H. Hammack, Charleston, W. Va., and Michael A. Kever, Cleveland, who wrote us poems;

Sanvel E. Klein, Cleveland, who thought we were a cereal company;

32652, of the New Jersey State Prison, who told us we were making a mistake;

And to Ida W. Jones, Santa Maria, Cal.; Mandel Gomberg, Skokie, Ill.; Joe Wm. Earnest, Colorado City, Texas; T. C. Whitehouse, Riverside, Mass.; Burt Kaufman, Boston; E. Lindley Murray, Gastonia, N. C.; H. A. Wells, Jr., M. D., Richmond, Va.; Charles Frazier, Los Angeles; and others — for being kind;

And to Jack Haunty and Don Cotner, Columbus, for drawings and layout;

And to Elaine de Montfort-Valognes, wherever you are.

THIS is the last of these columns. If you've enjoyed them, or one of them, we're glad. If you've bought a Nationwide insurance policy or had a kindly thought toward us as a result of this series, we'd like to know about it. (Dept. SR, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.)

This type of advertising was new for us. The idea was to tell people what Nationwide is like. (In some circles this would be called "projecting the image," but we avoid circles like that.)

Has the series been successful? We think so. About 1,131 persons wrote us cards or letters; we sold some insurance; and a lady who teaches fourth grade in Boise told us she posted one of the ads on her bulletin board. Didn't say why.

Maybe we'll try it again sometime.

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

TRADE Winds

FORECAST FOR 1962: Some country will deliver a strong note of protest to another country. It will be rejected.

►Every publisher will at least once goof on a print order and happily boast about it in large ads declaring, "Sorry. Temporarily out of stock. . . ."

►More votes will be cast for Miss Rheingold in 1962 than the total Congressional vote in all fifty states—as in '58 and '60.

►Hollywood's old men—Mitchum, Sinatra, Lawford, Holden, etc.—will continue to be cast as twenty-one-year-old GIs in World War II movies.

►Another ex-prostitute will write her memoirs, telling *all* in the tamest book of the year.

►As usual, a plain girl will be elected Miss America.

GOOD NEWS: According to the market letter put out by stockbrokers Hornblower & Weeks, "another cold winter, forecast by *Farmer's Almanac*, would prove a boon to heating oil marketers." It goes on to say that Atlantic, Standard Oil, Socony, and others showed "confidence" in the outlook and some had even increased dividends to stockholders. You see, everybody's talking about the weather and they *are* doing something about it.

BAD NEWS: From an advertising newsletter: "Although total liquor consumption may set a new high this year, per capita liquor consumption will rise little, if at all, from the 1.3 gallons consumed last year. In 1946 the average American consumed 1.6 gallons. The liquor industry is dissatisfied." Now, there's a case of everybody talking about something and nobody doing anything about it. The average American does so much these days, it seems to me he could easily add a mere three-tenths of a gallon to his consumption, to get back up to those wonderful post-war standards. All we have to do is find the average American drinker, and I haven't seen one yet.

THE FOREST FIRES in the fashionable Hollywood hills brought life down to its fundamentals. One writer found himself demoted in the inferno. The Associated Press reported that Richard M. Nixon, working on his book, "Six Crises," escaped with his "researcher," Alvin Moscow. Another writer, John D. Weaver, gave TRADE WINDS this wry account:

"The big fire must, I'm sure, rank as one of the most chic disasters in American history. Refugees at noon were streaming into Perino's and the Polo Lounge in charred Jaguars. The Red Cross set up emergency shelters in Brentwood with army blankets and Campbell's soup, but by then the homeless had taken over Chasen's and La Rue. Next morning their butlers were making their way through the police lines to the fire area, checking wine cellars."

TUNING IN radio Station WOWO, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Joe Brown (of Framingham, Massachusetts) heard the announcer exhorting all students to stay in school until graduation. To encourage this, WOWO was running a contest open to all high school pupils in Indiana and the bordering states. The prize would go to the student who, in the opinion of the judges, most effectively completed, in 100 words or less, the following:

"I think everyone should finish their high school education because . . ."

THE BERLIN CRISIS, according to George E. Bower of Boston, was predicted by Robert Frost:

East German slogan: "Good fences make good neighbors."

Western reply: "Something there is that doesn't love a wall."

TWO CANADIANS, Eric Nicol and Peter Whalley, have given us a lesson in perspective in their little book, "Say, Uncle" (Harper). It is subtitled "a completely uncalled-for history of the U. S." and it lightheartedly needles us. "The discovery of America was an accident," they write, "fortunately not serious." They blame the Pilgrims for constructing the most uncomfortable furniture imaginable, and point out that the accomplishment is honored to this day

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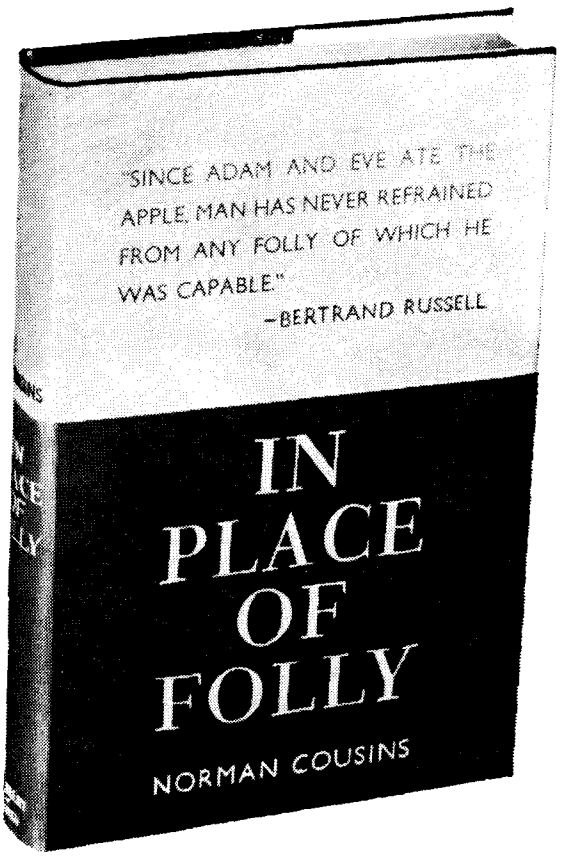
World peace or nuclear war?

A statement of the case for sanity

In PLACE OF Folly

By NORMAN COUSINS


"SINCE ADAM AND EVE ATE THE APPLE, MAN HAS NEVER REFRAINED FROM ANY FOLLY OF WHICH HE WAS CAPABLE."
—BERTRAND RUSSELL
IN PLACE OF FOLLY
NORMAN COUSINS

Notable men underscore this book's crucial importance

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

"I marvel at the insight and wisdom in this book. I hope that it will be read widely and discussed thoughtfully throughout the world."

THE RIGHT REVEREND JAMES A. PIKE

"This important and timely work is an illuminating and provocative treatment of the most serious concern of our times. Mr. Cousins' analysis of the nature of the problem should be read by those who share his concern—and all citizens regardless of their varying views as to viable solutions."

CARLOS P. ROMULO

"IN PLACE OF FOLLY should be read by every delegate to the United Nations, should be compulsory reading in every chancellery and parliament, and should be in the hands of every head of state. Norman Cousins addresses himself to the twentieth-century man but it is the rulers, the statesmen, legislators and diplomats who decide his fate and it is they who need the warning, guidance and enlightenment that IN PLACE OF FOLLY so effectively gives at this critical time in world history."

"As incisive as a trumpet. Unless each of us heeds it, and soon, we shall be overwhelmed by our own folly of inertia."—GORDON W. ALLPORT, Professor of Psychology, Harvard University

"Norman Cousins' prescription for salvation from impending nuclear doom should hearten despairing souls . . . It is the only rational substitute for the irrational folly of nuclear suicide."—ROGER BALDWIN, American Civil Liberties Union

"A factually solid, realistic confrontation of the nuclear threat to mankind. All persons interested in a human future on earth should welcome the candor and clarity with which Cousins analyzes our present predicament."—L. HAROLD DE WOLF, Professor of Systematic Theology, Boston University School of Theology

Dept. SR-11-2

At all bookstores • $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, N.Y. 16

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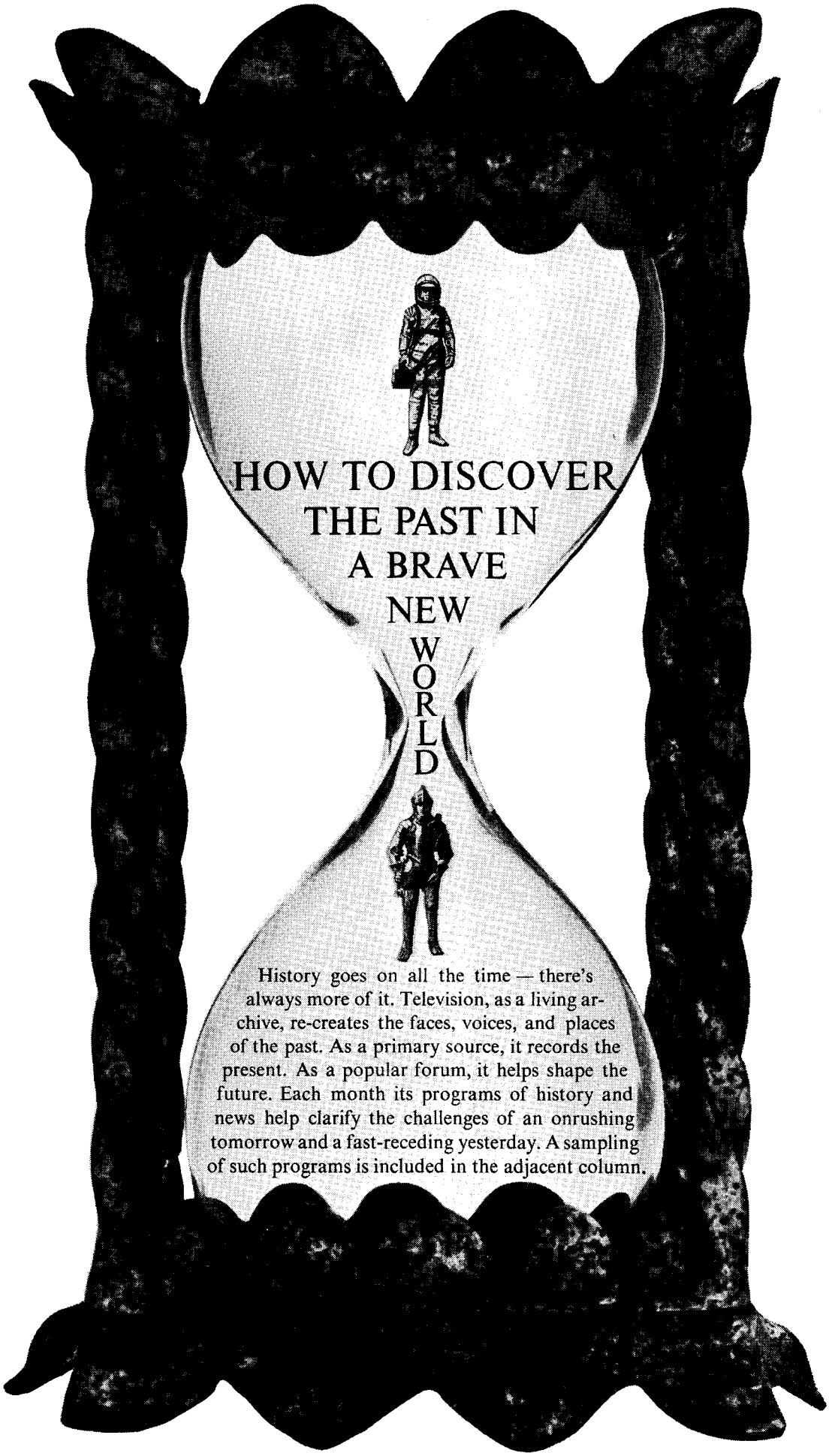

HOW TO DISCOVER THE PAST IN A BRAVE NEW WORLD

History goes on all the time — there's always more of it. Television, as a living archive, re-creates the faces, voices, and places of the past. As a primary source, it records the present. As a popular forum, it helps shape the future. Each month its programs of history and news help clarify the challenges of an onrushing tomorrow and a fast-receding yesterday. A sampling of such programs is included in the adjacent column.

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In January . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

Weavers of Death
Nazca, Ica, and Inca civilizations in Peru.
Monday, January 1 (7-7:30 PM)

The Cake Baker
Drama of flight from reality. Shelley Winters.
Tuesday, January 2 (10-10:30 PM)

Beyond the Threshold
Human and material costs of space projects.
Friday, January 5 (8:30-10 PM)

Projection '62
Newsmen appraise the coming year.
Friday, January 5 (10-11 PM)

The Good Years: 1900-1914
Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball, Mort Sahl.
Friday, January 12 (8:30-10 PM)

John Brown's Body
Dramatized reading of the Benét classic.
Sunday, January 14 (1:30-2:30 PM)

Robert E. Lee
Biographical portrait of a soldier.
Monday, January 15 (8-8:30 PM)

Young People's Concert
Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic.
Thursday, January 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Search
A Reginald Rose drama in *The Defenders.*
Saturday, January 20, (8:30-9:30 PM)

Our Man in Vienna
A report by David Brinkley.
Wednesday, January 24 (10-11 PM)

Don Giovanni
With Leontyne Price and Cesare Siepi.
Sunday, January 28 (2:30-5 PM)

Crisis at Suez: The 1956 Invasion
Sunday, January 28 (6-6:30 PM)

Journey to the Lost World
"Extinct" species found in South America.
Monday, January 29 (7-7:30 PM)

Close-Up!
The Christian ecumenical movement.
Tuesday, January 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM: Modern Algebra; American Government
	COLLEGE OF THE AIR: The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS
	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE
	ACCENT
	ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE
	WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
	DIRECTIONS '62
	MEET THE PROFESSOR
	ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE
	ISSUES AND ANSWERS
	COLLEGE BOWL
	UPDATE
	THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
	MEET THE PRESS
	1, 2, 3—Go!
	WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

in the waiting rooms of American airports. "The hero of the Old West was notable not only for the variety of his adventures but also for the fact that each of them took 29 minutes 40 seconds, including commercials."

The authors explain that the purpose of the book is to let Americans see themselves as others see them. American-written histories have always been so one-sided. For example, the Canadians say, "George Washington was a troublemaker and traitor who gave His Most Excellent Majesty, George III, a hard time. Benedict Arnold was an enterprising chap. . . ."

SWEDEN, the last country on the Continent where drivers drive to the left, is seriously thinking of changing to keep-to-the-right traffic. I quote from the dispatch:

"One of the most telling arguments has been the number of accidents involving foreigners. . . . last year more than 300 . . . foreigners turned the wrong way out of habit."

Now, I ask you: how the heck many accidents do you think they'll have *when 7,000,000 Swedes start turning the wrong way out of habit?* The few foreigners won't have a chance, and you'd better stay off Swedish highways for about five years.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Gerard Willem Van Loon was intrigued with the television program's synopsis of the movie based on "Rain." It said: "Night club singer falls in love with a Marine in the tropics." That surely won't cause any harm.

►A swimming instructor was explaining the buddy system to a group of beginners over at the Y the other day. She asked, "Does anyone know what a buddy is?" Answered an eight-year-old boy, "That's someone who drowns with you."

►Merry Christmas.

—JEROME M. BEATTY.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1447)

M. FISHBACK:
A POX ON PACEMAKERS

People who get their Christmas cards out early
Make me feel very un-peace-on-Earth-like and surly. . . .

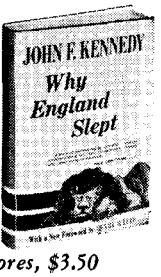
But next:* the monsters who write thank-you notes on Christmas Day, them I plan to slaughter,
Or at least douse all such Nice Nellies in unholy water.

*Two words substituted for "And as for," to get the B and X.

the Harvard senior who wrote this book is now President of the United States

WHY ENGLAND SLEPT

Read this provocative and timely book about the shortcomings of democracy when confronted by the menace of totalitarianism . . . written by John F. Kennedy in 1940 and long out of print. New foreword by Henry R. Luce.



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THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960
By THEODORE H. WHITE

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Offhand

ABSOLUTE AUTHORITY means absolute fear. Only a real coward can devote all his life to a study of how to terrorize others: he is so afraid himself that only terror in others gives him a feeling of security. But while they have good reasons to be afraid (there are in fact *frightening sanctions against* anyone who questions his authority), he reaches that apex of terror by natural genius: he is a visionary of peril; he sees peril where others see nothing.

✓ ✓ ✓

ONE SHOULD BEWARE of cowards more than of daring men. Daring men have the saving grace of foolishness, cowards are prudent: it is they who invent all the measures of security, for they can only think in terms of measures. They know only one thing: the extent of their fear, of which the state machine is the expression and the monument.

✓ ✓ ✓

THE CITIZEN is not allowed to say that the dictator is afraid. So there begins the lie; this is the only lie that counts. Once the citizen agrees not to say, "This is fear," he can never say, later, "I did not ask for this, I did not know he was going to go that far." And yet, dictators are so weak. Courage alone will melt them into nothing. Courage to exist, to breathe, to speak the truth and say: "This is day, that is night, this is man, that a shadow."

✓ ✓ ✓

WHEN TOO MANY things go without saying, it will also soon go without saying that no one must say anything when things don't go.

✓ ✓ ✓

FEAR BEGETS SECURITY and security begets fear. Both drown in boredom. Courage is less expensive, much more beautiful, and infinitely more efficient. It is, in fact, a game: like golf or tennis. Games are sacred and elegant. Spies not admitted.

✓ ✓ ✓

ALL AMERICAN colleges should have a new department for studies in cave-dwelling. They should train storytellers and soothsayers. No radio, no TV, no movies, no newspapers, no electric light. Darkness and poetry. What a beautiful world it will be.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.

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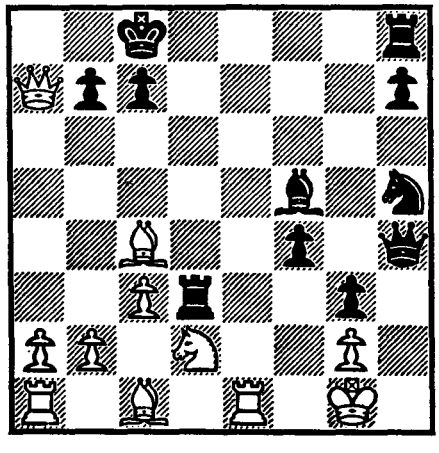
Chess Corner—No. 65

ALTHOUGH there have been some games of chess that lasted for considerably over 100 moves, and the shortest game is two moves, the average is about forty-five moves. Even among grand masters, curiously enough, the secret of success is not superior strategy, but the persistent omission of tactical errors. According to one joker, the winner of a game is the one who makes the next to the last blunder. Be that as it may, the percentage of blunders for the grand master is low. Consequently, in a consultation game, with more than one player on a side, the blunder quotient should approximate zero. Yet that is not the case. The game below, for example, with four grand masters on each side, has its share of bungles. One such is on Black's 19th. Black plays 19 . . . RxN. Instead, 19 . . . Q-R7ck, followed by . . . R-K6 appears to leave White defenseless. This game was played during the trip across the ocean en route to the famous Cambridge Springs tournament.

KING'S GAMBIT

Lasker, Tchigorin, Marshall, Teichmann White		Janowski, Schlechter, Marco, Lawrence Black	
1 P-K4	P-K4	10 P-B3	B-B4
2 P-KB4	PxP	11 P-Q4	QN-Q2
3 N-KB3	P-KN4	12 PxB	N-R4
4 P-KR4	P-N5	13 P-K6	PxP
5 N-K5	N-KB3	14 PxP	O-O-O
6 B-B4	P-Q4	15 PxNch	RxP
7 PxP	B-Q3	16 Q-K2	QxP
8 O-O	BxN	17 Q-KB2	P-N6
9 R-K1	Q-K2	18 QxRP	R-Q6

19 N-Q2



19	RxN	29 QxRch	K-R2
20 BxR	Q-R7ch	30 Q-Q4ch	P-N3
21 K-B1	P-B6	31 K-K1	PxP
22 Q-R8ch	K-Q2	32 B-K3	P-B4
23 Q-R4ch	P-B3	33 Q-K5	P-N8(Q)ch
24 R-K7ch!	KxR	34 BxQ	QxBch
25 B-N5ch	K-Q2	35 K-Q2	Q-B7ch
26 R-Q1ch	K-B2	36 B-K2	P-N7
27 Q-R5ch	K-N1	37 Q-K7ch	K-N1
28 Q-K5ch	K-R1	38 Q-K3	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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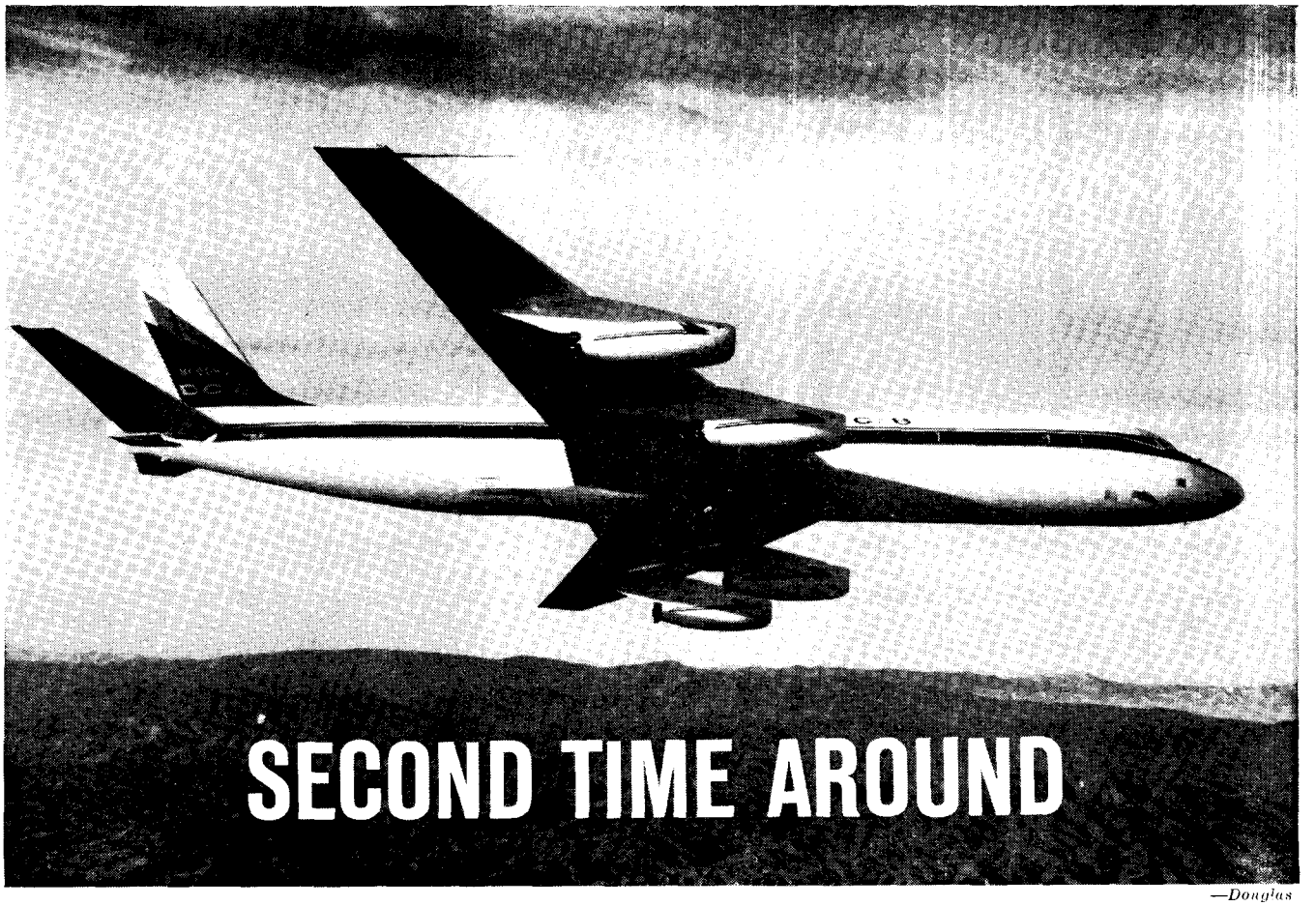

—Douglas

The Political Topography of Today's World

By THEODORE H. WHITE, *author of "The Making of The President 1960." Mr. White began his career as a foreign correspondent, serving overseas for fifteen years in China and Europe. This report is an account of a recent world trip to countries he had visited many years before.*

NO PLANES flew the Atlantic when I first set out around the world twenty-one years ago. It was a slow journey in time of trouble—but there was to be time for questions to shape and answers to come.

I sailed from New York, fresh out of college, in the old SS *President Roosevelt*, my chance cabin-mate a young Spanish anarchist named Serafin Aliaga. Aliaga might have lingered in New York, but since Franco's troops were closing on the Republic, he preferred to go home to Barcelona to face the end that was certain. It took eight days to cross the Atlantic and all the while he talked to me of European politics. It was very strange talk to a young American leaving a country that legally then bound the nation and its individuals by the Neutrality Act to absolute noninvolvement in any foreign strife. And then I was in Neville Chamberlain's London where the bitter taste of Munich was still fresh. In Hyde Park the newly cut air-raid trenches opened to the October sky and the government was distributing gas masks.

Then on to Paris, also waiting, also doomed, a somber city stagnant as it had been for decades, its velvet-gray heart paralyzed. In all its reaches, only one scaffold marked a new building rising; on the walls, the name of Daladier, the Premier, was smeared in contempt. In Paris, as in London, it seemed impossible that Americans could not be involved, despite all laws and hope to the contrary.

From Paris, a slow boat of the Messageries Maritimes carried me to the Middle East (disturbed then as now by an Arab-Jewish clash) and on into the placid imperial realms of Asia. It was there, in a colonial post office in Singapore, that I felt for the first time the crush of people in the crowded Orient, long files of Chinese and Malays waiting patiently to reach the stamp counter. "Go ahead," someone urged me as I looked for a way to the desk, "the line opens for you. White people go first; the natives really don't mind."

Then on to China to witness the wild flare of night bombings in Chungking, as the Japanese struck and the Chinese held, in the first chapter of the war that was to remake Asia. Here, finally, was the excitement of the clear answer-by-action, the thrill of challenge faced and response committed. And so, intrigued, I lingered in China for several years until I had become convinced that the challenge in Asia was a challenge to America, too, and it was time to come home.

By then, of course, after three years, the globe had begun to shrink and, reaching Hong Kong, facing home, I marveled: a fledgling airline was pioneering a flight across the Pacific and promised to fly from Hong Kong to San Francisco in only six days. The old Martin Flying Boat churned along just above the waters at 110 knots, and day after day the blue Pacific unfurled its distances and palm-tasseled islands; there was much time to wonder what the shriveling quality of distance and the sound of bombs in China all meant to America.

Finally, the plane came down over the new bridge across the Golden Gate and I could see the tiny cars glistening

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like glass beads below—red and yellow, white and green, cream and black—bearing the familiar commuter procession from the suburbs of Merin County to work in San Francisco. The procession brought a lump to the throat, an irrational tear. For the automobile, in those days, was uniquely American—the imagined smell of gasoline fumes, the sound of horns, the heat of a traffic jam below were, all of them, the taste of homecoming. Automobiles existed nowhere else in the world in such numbers; they expressed plenty, and power.

Such power, it followed, would have to be used. For it was by then June of 1941: Asia and Europe were both locked in wars that only America's power could resolve. America must act—the returning homecomer knew it in his bowels. The necessary response was clear. Yet would America act? Could it act?

A year later, of course, America *had* acted; and there were to be no more shining new cars available for three years.

THIS year of 1961, I needed only thirty-six days to round the globe again—a trip so leisurely and unhurried, yet so swift and unclarifying, that I have been brooding on it ever since.

From New York, flight swept us across the United States, then over the Pacific — Hawaii, Guam, Manila — in twenty-one hours of flying time. All the remembered distances of Asia—Manila-Hong Kong, Hong Kong-Formosa, Formosa-Bangkok, Bangkok-Delhi—all had, by this year of 1961, been gobbled by the jets that flew at speeds approaching sound, 40,000 feet in the air, a hundred or more people borne aloft in their cabins. Only the stars by which the pilots guided their planes were the same; beyond the stars, within the plane, all about us in the world, the clipper jet shared nothing with the old Martin 120. Beneath, the world had shrunk apparently to one.

Shrunk though it was, however, so that we could girdle it in weeks, it seemed more difficult to grasp than in 1941; no cord of logic bound it together, no pattern of events marching to the strategy of any master plan, friendly or hostile, was at all apparent.

Now that I am home again in America, dependent on the report of events as they shape in our press, logic again begins to encase the world, clear patterns are once more visible. Only the memories of a recent trip resist the logic with the perplexity of reality.

None of the reporting I read now, for example, refreshes the overwhelming recent memory of what I can only call The Surge. Perhaps never before in history have men everywhere moved faster or more steadily toward well-being than in these years of postwar crisis while each day's headlines have called doom and prophesied woe. Wherever one goes, in Asia as in Europe, the hopes of 1941 are fact and deed to be seen by the visitor of 1961.

I woke in 1961 in a Manila remembered as war-torn and gutted from siege and liberation. But I woke to the sound of horns blaring and brakes screeching as, from the hotel window, I saw for the first time an Asian traffic jam. Where before the war a few automobiles forced their solitary ways through the crawl of horse-drawn charametas, I could in 1961 no longer find an animal-pulled vehicle. The trucks, the buses, the taxis, above all the "jeepnies"—the old jeeps, debris of war, reconditioned, chrome-plated, decorated with flags, painted in floral colors—now choked the streets. In the old city at night, once a huddle of dim-lit alleys, electric lights glittered, radios crackled, and television glowed. The little middle-class enclave of Forbes Park had grown into a suburb of gardened elegance to match the most opulent stretch of Beverly Hills or Westchester. And, pulsing over new roads through the paddies of the countryside, The Surge was transforming the old nipa shack villages with square-cut mahogany cottages on stilts.

In Formosa, too, The Surge operated. Only the melancholy dirge of the bugler blowing the strains of "San Min Chu I" outside the red brick Defense Ministry of Chiang K'ai-shek recalled old China. For the rest, Formosa was something China might have been, had Chiang's government known fifteen years ago what it knows now. Most of the old familiar rascals were long departed from his government; the capital city was clean; the new bazaar in Taiwan, replacing the old tangle of peddlers' booths, swept in a mile-long arcade of square-gray concrete stalls. Public buildings stood fresh-painted, glistening with new gold and vermilion of Chinese traditional architecture. Above all, in the fields, where it counted most, the Chinese boasted most: today, Chinese farmers on Formosa command the highest agricultural productivity per acre of land in the entire civilized world; new seeds, crops, tools, land reform, extension programs have created a new agriculture.

IN Hong Kong, The Surge throbbed visibly. The sight of Hong Kong from the air was once as familiar to me as that of New York—when the Japanese held it during the war, it had been one of our favorite bombing targets and danger had printed on my memory the exact location of each landmark that fringed the docks. But from the air this summer Hong Kong was unrecognizable. Where 700,000 people once lived, there now lived over 3,000,000. The bay was crusted with a new profile; the towers of the Gloucester Hotel and the Hong Kong-Shanghai Bank, those citadels of Empire, were lost in a forest of new buildings. It was a new Hong Kong. There were rickshaws still—but

IN FACING out over the seas, the President faced a world whose inflexible thinking dated back not merely thirty or forty years (as did the chief current American political thinking) but back to sixty and seventy years ago, when the dogmas of communism and anti-communism were then, for the first time, fresh.

Here, in dealing with the outer world, the President had to contend with minds that had fossilized about ideas that were old before he was born. And on his dealing with such minds and ideas depended life and death not only for Americans—but for all humankind. He must deal abroad with schizophrenics—European, Asian and African—who believed, on the one hand, as an article of faith that the directionless technical mind of man creates its own faceless logic, its own irresistible dialectic that puts decision more and more in the hands of masses who are engines of history. Yet on the other hand, these same schizophrenic leaders must certainly know that technology more and more removes decision from the hands of masses and puts it in their own moral or immoral hands.

So the President must play a three-dimensional chess game of war and peace—deploying missiles and warheads and submarines and airborne troops on a map that, to him, is clear, with weights that, to him, are measurable. Yet while reading the known map, the known weights and known speeds, he must fathom the mind of adversaries reading the same map, weights and speeds, and guess how they will read it. For if they miscalculate, then all his reason will be miscalculation too.

—Theodore H. White in "The Making of the President 1960."

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chiefly for tourists, because (like the horse-drawn carriages of Central Park) rickshaws were a luxury and taxis were cheaper than muscle-power. There were conspicuously fewer women in the shiny South China black silks, too many in modern clothes. And only in the back alleys off East Queens Road, in the depths of the Chinese community, could one sniff the fragrances of spice and incense that made it part of old China—Hong Kong was now all but sanitized.

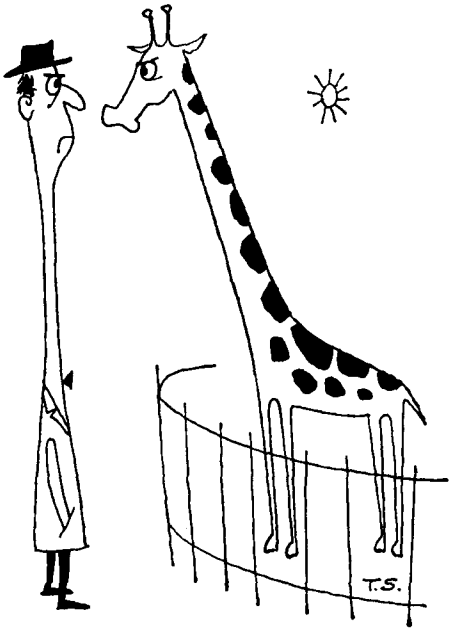
It was in Hong Kong, however, that we began to tune in on the perplexity.

In the evening, one could go, as we did, to visit friends whose villas on the green back-slope of the Peak faced the mainland. As one drank iced martinis in the sunset, the black and purple mountains of the Communist mainland across the narrow waters seemed close enough to touch. From beyond the mountains in the dusk came the flash of monsoon heat lightning as if enormous events were happening just beyond the hills about which we could only guess. The mountains glowered, then grew black with night, and we knew that beyond the mountains lay hunger, suffering, and all the relentless compulsions of Communism, while here, on this island, even the poorest Chinese lived in relative security and ate. It reminded one of Berlin, how like an island of prosperity Hong Kong sat in the misery of Communism. Yet Hong Kong was not Berlin, which menaced a Communist empire more by the inflection of its ideas than by its manifest well-being. Hong Kong boomed—but its buildings were built to be rack-rented, the investment paid off in five years so the builders might flee. The boom was real—but made of clay, for no spirit moved it. No idea of any importance generated in Hong Kong to infest men's minds in the land of Communism as did the ideas that came from Berlin.

From Hong Kong a flight of two hours carried us down the South China Seas, over the white and coral islands, to Saigon and Vietnam, and here, in Vietnam, our perplexity grew. For here, in Vietnam, America herself was involved—Vietnam was our ward. In no Asian country (except China) had so much American effort been spent; already in the summer, while the monsoon rains still fell and the soldiers waited for the dry fall season to harden the ground for combat, our legates debated whether or not we should send American soldiers to die here in this country. This was the violent clash point of the Asian struggle—in desperate peril. Yet none of the facts would arrange themselves in a sequence that led to a clear conclusion.

There was, to begin with, the fact that no American in Vietnam had any reason for shame or embarrassment at the record of his government—Republican or Democratic—in South Vietnam. In the six years of existence of South Vietnam's government, American support had been its chief nourishment. We had spent more than $2 billion in aid and countless hours of care and thought and asked nothing for ourselves.

THERE was next the fact that this American aid had mounted a Surge, the dimensions of which were all but unbelievable. Totally unreported in the reporting of the crisis were such staggering achievements as Vietnam's agricultural development: where in 1955 Vietnam had grown 2,000,000 tons of rice, it now grew 5,000,000 tons of rice annually; its exports had risen from a wartime low of 48,000 tons a year to 500,000 tons a year—and what was left the peasants ate. They no longer mixed their rice diet with potatoes and roots but ate unmixed rice and ate full. A combination of fertilizer, new seeds, and land reform (pushed as far as any reasonable man could ask) had created all this—and at every turn American advice or American aid had helped. Health had improved—the use of modern drugs had increased 50 per cent in six years. The peasants were beginning to move on wheels—bicycles had jumped from 200,000 to an estimated 1,000,000 in the same period. The number of students from primary grades to university had multiplied by four times; each year the number of children in primary grades was rising, so the ministry of education said, by 20 per cent; since 1954 they had risen from 400,000 to a total that had passed 1,520,000 by 1960.



To myself, who remembered Saigon as the harsh and elegant capital of France's Indochina Empire, the city was a joy to see. Saigon was clean as ever, its streets swept, its tree-shaded avenues well tended, its flower stalls gay with tropical blossoms. The green and pleasant Botanical Gardens left by the French were thronged by people and, on Sundays, the citizens of the city and their children pressed like a subway mob into the dusty little museum seeking the roots of their past. French signs were now a rarity; all public directions were printed in Vietnamese. The majestic Avenue Norodom had become the Avenue of Independence; the graceful beige chateau that once housed France's Governors-General now housed a President of Indochina. Saigon was the capital of a free people, governed by its own leader who presided over an economy beginning to thrive in a manner undreamed of ten years ago.

Yet Saigon was a city under siege, a city of random assassinations and night bombings. Beyond the city, no white man would venture without armed escort or in military formation. At night, the black-pajamaed guerillas of the Communists prowled the countrysides, collected taxes, terrorizing the peasants or holding their loyalties by seduction.

America had created The Surge. It had also armed in Vietnam an army of 170,000 troops and supplied the guns of a Civil Guard of 50,000 more men. Yet for all their efforts a guerilla force estimated this summer at 12,000 (and now grown to 20,000) held 220,000 men at bay; the guerillas waxed in strength with no weapons more imposing than knife, mortar, rifle, and the ambuscades of roadblocks on highways or infected fish-hook spikes in the paddies.

There were heroes, to be sure, in the war against Communists—young government officials who went to sleep in their offices in the countryside not knowing whether they would wake safely in the morning, young army officers who itched and chafed to fight the Communists in open battle but could not find them. Yet there were the others who, rightly or wrongly, had given up—the government official who said he was exporting his art treasures and added, "I'm exporting myself along

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with them." And the others who didn't care—like the *"jeunesse cowboy,"* the young men and women we found dancing in the Saigon nightclub as the orchestra beat and the handsome Annamite girls swayed to the sounds. Fifteen miles away the Communist contemporaries of these young people prowled the countryside by night. The question repeated itself above the beat of the music; why were young Communists willing to die for what they believed in? What would make these young people willing to die, too?

In Saigon, one could not avoid reexamining afresh the whole theory of American aid—which now, it seemed, could more appropriately be called the Virgin Birth Theory of Aid. This theory was born in the early days of the Marshall Plan, in 1948. Hunger and poverty, so ran the theory then, were the enemies of democracy and thus of America. The program and cure were thus, we thought in those days, obvious from the diagnosis: America would pump in billions of dollars of help; the economies of the recipient countries would slowly mend; food, housing, welfare would all slowly but perceptibly increase; as well-being grew, the people whom we helped would come to trust their governments which we aided; such governments would grow stronger and more democratic; being strong and democratic, they would become useful allies of America in preserving the peace. The sweet part of the theory was that it would all come about automatically—pour in aid at one end of the time sequence and five or ten years later Democracy and Friendship would come out the other end.

But in South Vietnam, the theory had not worked. The Communist guerrillas seduced or terrorized an indifferent peasantry and propagandized the intellectuals by tagging the government of Ngo Dinh-Diem as the government of "Mei-Diem" (America's Diem), the puppet of the hated white man. And the most effective anti-Communist force in South Vietnam were not the peasants or the intellectuals or the government but the young army officers for whom democracy is as meaningless a word as for their Communist enemies.

An old discarded thought suddenly became fresh again: it is the spirit that moves men to fight and to organize; material well-being is important—but the spirit is more important. Fourteen years of experience had taught the administrators of our aid to stimulate almost any degree of material Surge. But it had given us no experience in providing a doctrine of politics which, in such countries as these, could match the doctrine and dynamic of the Communists. Except for the officer corps of the army, perhaps not one Vietnamese in a thousand made any connection between his own improved well-being and what America had tried to do. Indeed, we had not seriously tried to press this connection on them; we had left it to the government of the Vietnamese to provide the spirit of resistance; we had pressed it in every way to do so; but it could not; and now, what were we to do?

An hour and a quarter's flight carried us from Saigon to Bangkok.

In Bangkok, we landed at the new, glass-paneled, soon-to-be-air-conditioned terminal. Built with American aid, it is the finest in the Orient. Years ago, dispensers of Marshall Plan aid would have regarded such an airport as economic sin. A gaudy decoration for a nation's pride, the airport was of no remotely comparable economic value to dams, machine tools, fertilizer, deflationary financing. Yet the Thais loved their new airport—no more than one in twenty thousand would ever fly from this field; but it pleased them.

THE road into Bangkok was rutty and dirty, but the driver with enormous pride told us of the new parallel split-lane concrete throughway being built from the capital to the new airport. Again, it was being done with American aid; again, it was an extravagance by the older sober theories of foreign aid; but the driver's pride was real, his friendship for America seemed genuine.

Bangkok, too, had changed. The palace of the king, the temple of the Emerald Buddha, the sound of bells tinkling as the wind teased them—these were all that were familiar from the remembered past. But the canals, the old picturesque water thoroughfares of the city, were being covered with concrete roads; new hotels marked the skyline; factories were being raised.

The American Embassy here in Bangkok was a trim, intelligent, well-directed operation. Its officers described the process of life in Bangkok clinically, as a transition from the old world of Asia into the new world of industry and technology; the Embassy was deeply concerned about the transition—but it did not try to change or advise this government. It did not meddle; we helped but we let the ruling dictator make his own way forward as he groped to move his people. No background of colonial race hate cramped the efforts of Americans to make friends with the Thais; nor did the American Embassy intrude where it was not invited. In Asia, Thailand looked solid.

It occurred to me only after I left Bangkok that neither there nor anywhere in the Orient did Americans in the field speak of "democracy" as our purpose, as we used to speak of our purposes in the early days of the Marshall Plan, or as we talked of "democracy" in China when we pressed Chiang K'ai-shek's dictatorship to those reforms which, half-heartedly tried, ended by weakening him.

Thus into Delhi.

I had first been sent to Delhi, as a correspondent, in the summer of 1942 at one of those moments when the war

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might be won or lost. The Japanese had just seized Burma; Rommel camped outside Alexandria; and the Indians simmered. That summer nineteen years ago, I had visited Jawaharlal Nehru at his home in Allahabad where eloquently he told how the British must be made to quit India. Nehru had journeyed to Bombay the next day where he was jailed by the British; India had risen the following day in the greatest revolt since the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857; and on August 9, 1942, an insurrectionary earthquake had rocked Delhi.

The epicenter of the quake was in Chandni Chowk, the ancient market that bisects Old Delhi, and there on the street which sold copperware and jewelry, cloth and umbrellas, vegetables and fruits, the mob held control. It was absolutely essential, beyond any qualm of conscience, that this capital be held by the Allied Forces. So on mid-morning of August 9, I found myself with a column of British troops in Chandni Chowk surrounded by a mob throwing rocks and chanting "*Inqulab Zindabad*" (Independence Forever). Then the mob closed on the column and cut us off. A young Scottish wharf-worker handled the gun on our Bren gun-carrier. A member of the Labor party, he was really on the side of the rioters; he muttered how he hated to die on this side of the fence, a feeling I shared with him. But then as the rocks fell on us, and the mob tightened, the necessary response became clear and the column fired: I remember still the sight of the first body that dropped from the roof, like a bundle of limp gray laundry flung down from above. There were several others killed in the British shooting—all unarmed civilians who had sought to kill us by hand. Then the mob cleared, the column withdrew from Chandni Chowk, and within twenty-four hours Delhi was militarily secure. Indians refer to it, still, as a massacre; yet had India been turned over to the uprising it is possible the war might have been lost right there—and India never been free.

THE August Uprising is still a great memory in India, and when we arrived this year I read on the wall of the Mogul Red Fort a notice that on the anniversary of the uprising, Prime Minister Nehru himself—whose arrest along with Gandhi's had triggered the uprising of 1942—would address the Youth Rally of his party at Ram Lal Park, which stands at the head of Chandni Chowk. We went to hear him on a hot, muggy night and the park was crowded with thousands of young Indians. Nehru appeared on the rostrum on the hour scheduled and, since it was so long since I had seen him, I saddened as I saw how old his step had become, how he stooped slightly, how, when he folded his hands beneath his chin in welcome to the crowd, it was a gentle gesture, like a grandfather's. He spoke in Hindi; on the stream of Hindi discourse there floated such English words as "atomic energy" and "space travel" and "atom bomb" and "Major Titov" and "TVA" and "religion of spirituality." After perhaps half an hour of this, there came a gurgle of discontent on the edge of the crowd in the park. Nehru pulled the microphones closer to him as if they were yelling "louder, louder." He spoke more loudly—but the rumble increased. Then, suddenly, the realization came to him: they were booing him offstage. Not because of anything he was saying. They were urging offstage the hero of this anniversary because he was taking too much time. Following him there would come a movie star, an idol of the Indian screen, Dalip Kumar—it was Dalip Kumar they wanted to hear!

Nehru caught the meaning of the rumble quickly, finished his remarks abruptly but with dignity, and left. He arrived shortly thereafter for dinner with American Ambassador Kenneth Galbraith and Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles and, according to those present, could by then ruefully joke about it. But I could not help but wonder whether some of those youngsters might have had parents who nineteen years ago rioted for Independence, at however ill-timed a moment—and whether it might be better now for us to have such parents as allies in this world at this moment, or to have these youngsters.

Those I saw governing India were the rebels of twenty years ago—twenty years older. They were the same men, with the same ideas—but with the effervescence gone. Yet at least they had an idea, still. They held control of the country by the machinery of a civil service they had inherited from the British; but they could not adapt it to what they now wanted to do; they groped; with this machinery and by enormous effort they were attempting to inch forward the heat-drugged millions who lived in mud villages and worked the plains for food. In all their efforts, American aid was indispensable; but there could be no misreading their feeling: they resented it.

Between the old men who dominated the Indian parliament and the young people who wanted to hear Dalip Kumar, there stretched the uncertain gap in India's future. Could American aid hold the line of minimal well-being long enough for India to find its way with new ideas, long enough for new leadership to grow up between the very young who had forgotten the revolution and the very old who were frozen to its dead past? It is almost certain that if we withdrew our aid, India would spiral down in bitterness, ugliness, and chaos; or rest stagnant in its subcontinent outstripped in Asian imagination by the cruel yet spectacular industrial achievements of Communist China. Yet if we continued our aid or increased it, no responsible American official would guarantee anything—except that Indians would have a government of their own which then might denounce or befriend us as it chose.

FROM Delhi across Asia and Europe into Paris is only an overnight flight—and on such a night one can see the entire world, unimaginable twenty years ago, squeezed into one airplane's cabin, its dreams and hopes tangled impossibly together.

Boarding the plane after dinner in the sweltering heat of a Punjab summer we found: two cheerful Japanese businessmen, briefcases in hand, apparently happy in a world where their country, stripped of power, prospered as never under Imperial banners; several earnest and attractive American tourists, cameras slung over necks; several English families; one African student—slim, erect, and handsome, broadcasting his sensitivity as he watched where he was to be seated; numerous Indians of all kinds; and, across the aisle from us, an Indian peasant mother, gold ornament in her nose, watching two little girls dressed as for a party in red velvet dresses and what could be their first pair of shoes.

Through the night to the first stop: the unbelievable heat of Bahrein on the Persian Gulf, that dry, searing, windless heat which even at night parches the lungs. At Bahrein several Indians left; two Americans—oil engineers, their drawl echoing the Southwest—boarded; a swarthy, nondescript man in European clothes climbed in; the Indian mother, her children now asleep, peered about bewildered. At Bahrein I found an air-mail edition of the *Times* of London and as the plane climbed toward Cairo, my eye picked up a story on Indian immigrants to England. There had been a race riot in one of England's midland industrial towns. Now, said the story, the Indian Commissioners in England

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were occupying themselves with the problem of "integration." Most of the recent immigrants had been women and children, which was helpful because the moral standard of lone Indian males in England was unusually improved when their families came to join them. Nonetheless, Indian officials were urging the newcomers to adjust because "the habits . . . which may have been used at home are strange and sometimes obnoxious to Britons." I turned to the Indian family again, changing worlds, and winced at the adjustments in sound, in clothing, in cooking they would have to accomplish in the slums of English mill-towns.

Shortly before Cairo, the swarthy, nondescript passenger from Bahrein retired to the lavatory at the rear of the plane. When he came out he had shed his European clothes and was robed in flowing Arab white, his head crowned with the white desert Khaffiyeh, ringed with the black braid circlet. It was for him, I found, that the little knot of Arabs were waiting in Nasser's Cairo, and for him they applauded. At the Cairo crossroads the African student left and another stream of passengers from Asia made coupling with this flight to Europe: half a dozen Australians transferring in flight; several more American tourists; three German girls, secretaries in a Cairene German firm, en route home for a summer vacation in Dusseldorf.

IN Dusseldorf, the next stop, it was dawn; a damp chill had swept down the Rhine from the moors so that all of us shivered after the heat of the desert countries. At Dusseldorf, the flight lost the happy German girls, homecomers; the two neat Japanese businessmen, exploring trade; several American tourists. But the Indian mother and her children stayed aboard the plane as the rest of us went to the coffee shop to stretch our legs. I had watched the mother as we left the plane—she had woken the restless children and led them to the door. Timidly all three had begun to descend the stairs – and stopped midway in their descent to the ground. Suddenly, the chill, astringent air of Europe had greeted them, the first taste of cold ever for three lives spent in the lands of heat, the first sight of the West for which no one had prepared them. She had thrown her arms protectively about the two little girls, turned them about, and tugged them back up to the plane–their last link with Asia.

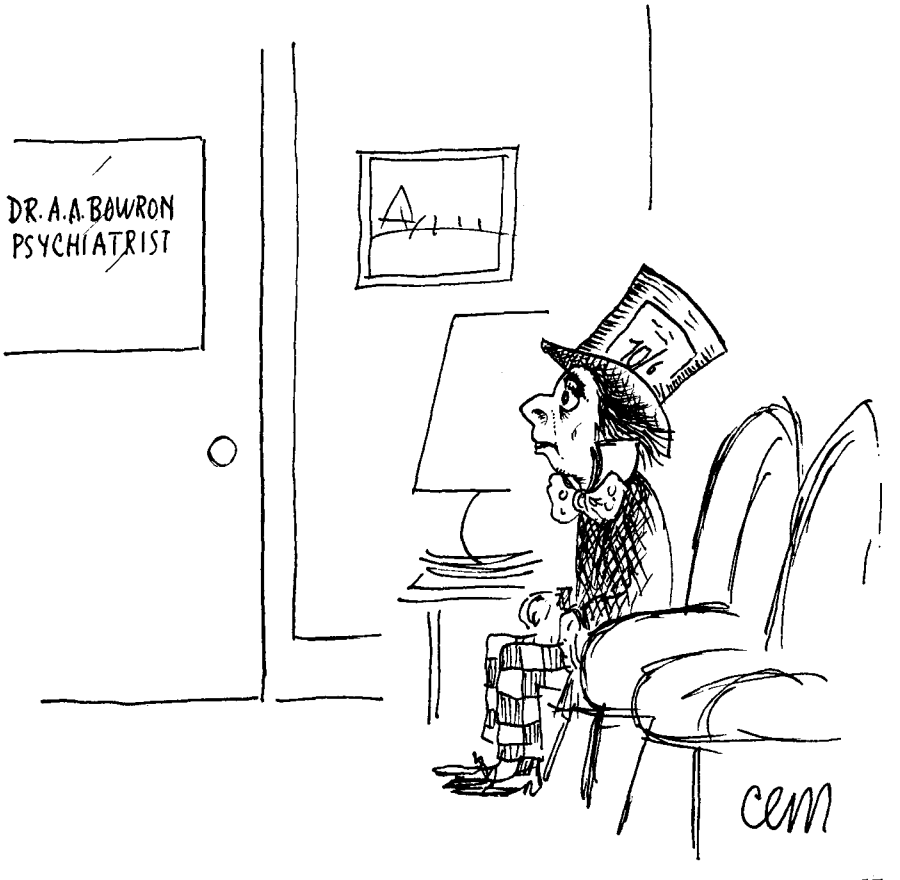
At Dusseldorf we picked up the last new contingent—German students en route to the United States; it was only an hour on to London where the Indian father shyly greeted his family at the gates and the company of flight dissolved, the Englishmen and Australians passing through customs, the Americans transshipping across the Atlantic to New York, a few of us going on to Paris where we arrived before lunch.

Always before, I had come to Europe across the Atlantic. To approach it now out of Asia was to see it entirely fresh in all its solid grandeur—and without the wrappings of postwar political cliché.

FOR years since the war, too many Europeans and Americans had relished the phrase "Little Europe." Europe had, indeed, seemed little when the war ended and it lay powerless between the giants of Russia and America. Yet now, coming in on Europe from Asia, I could see Europe as it really was—a giant in herself, a healthy giant at last. I had first seen Dusseldorf shortly after the war when fighter planes still fringed its airfields; from the field one could then see the chimneys on the ridges of the Ruhr, racked against the sky like pencils, three out of four of them smokeless. In those days Dusseldorf and its satellite cities—Essen, Mulheim, Duisberg, Solingen, Dortmund—were storm patches in an ocean of tumbled concrete, the waves of rubble frozen in a convulsion of violence. I had first come to Dusseldorf to be driven down the Rhine to visit a solemn old man whom American officials thought might just possibly make a decent guide for the civilian German government they wanted to form. His name was Konrad Adenauer. His flag in 1961 now flew above the airport; the new air terminal was more comfortable and efficient than the old terminal at LaGuardia Field; the food even at dawn in the restaurant was excellent and plentiful; and the plane lifting above the Rhine could show us a Ruhr below, whose healthy pulse recorded itself in smoke over an entire valley.

And Paris glowed. It was in Paris, where I lingered, that it slowly came to me that Europe was recovering not simply from the last war—but from two wars and perhaps from the wars of centuries. All the way in from Orly airport, I could see the new emblem of the French skyline—the traveling crane, forked across new buildings rising. Housing goes up in France now at the rate of over 300,000 lodgings a year, more rapidly than in America; for France is trying to catch up not

(*Continued on page* 61)



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Another Look at the Deserving

By Granville Hicks

CASTING up my accounts for 1961, I find that I have reviewed more than thirty American novels. I have also reviewed half a dozen British novels and a goodly number of books of nonfiction, mostly criticism and biography. Still and all, my emphasis has been on American fiction, as I intended it should be. It is my hope that the regular reader of LITERARY HORIZONS will have a clear idea of what American novelists, both the new ones and those who have made names for themselves, are doing.

This doesn't mean, however, that I have enjoyed only American novels. On the contrary, four of the year's books that seem to me most memorable aren't fiction at all. Dan Jacobson's "No Further West," for instance, I find the most astute examination of our culture by a foreigner that has appeared in a long time, and I am sorry that it has not had more attention. An equally significant comment on the American scene appears in James Baldwin's "Nobody Knows My Name," which is also a powerful expression of deep emotion. Nothing I have seen in fiction is more moving than Frank O'Connor's portrait of his mother in "An Only Child." And Mark Schorer's "Sinclair Lewis," though its masses of detail are rather overwhelming, stands out clearly in perspective as a masterly study of a man and a society.

Nor am I a literary chauvinist, for I think well of Ignazio Silone's "The Fox and the Camellias" and of at least four British novels. Elizabeth Taylor's "In a Summer Season" is quiet, beautifully controlled, and charming. Iris Murdoch's "A Severed Head," on the other hand, is wild, unpredictable, and sometimes unfathomable, but always stirring. Graham Greene is invariably an impressive technician, but some of his books leave me cold; "A Burnt-Out Case" does not. As for the late Joyce Cary's "An American Visitor," it may be nearly thirty years old, but it is as thoroughly alive as anything I have read this year.

Of British novels I selected only those few in which I had reason to expect to be interested. In deciding what American fiction to review, I cast my net somewhat more widely. In particular I tried to pay attention to new writers, and in a single issue I reviewed fifteen first novels. Only one of these—Jean Rikhoff's "Dear Ones All"—struck me as a mature, fully realized piece of fiction, but two or three others could be set down as promising. Later in the year I tried several other first novels, and two gave me great pleasure. One of them was Joan Williams's "The Morning and the Evening," a quiet story of somber happenings in a small Southern town, written with remarkable assurance. The other was Hortense Calisher's "False Entry," a novel mannered in style, so mannered that several reviewers lost their patience and their bearings and never discovered how much substance it has.

The two novels I would put at the top of any list I might compile are Bernard Malamud's "A New Life" and J. D. Salinger's "Franny and Zooey."

The latter has had a huge success, partly, no doubt, because of the Salinger legend, which has been furiously publicized by the Luce magazines. Yet that is not the whole story. Like "The Catcher in the Rye," which was a success without any of this hoopla, "Franny and Zooey" has something to say about the human predicament, and it makes its point with the humor and the shrewdness that are Salinger's great assets. In the handling of the vernacular Salinger has no equal, and he does not waste his gifts on trivialities.

"A New Life" is a less dramatic novel than its predecessor, "The Assistant," but it is larger in conception and bolder in treatment. Like Salinger, Malamud is concerned with the quest for the good life, but he goes even further in portraying the difficulties of that search. A less likely hero than S. Levin can rarely have appeared in fiction, and yet we come to know that he is heroic. If there was any doubt of it before, we can now be sure that Bernard Malamud belongs high in the ranks of contemporary novelists.

Although there were some dissenting voices, Malamud and Salinger fared well with the reviewers. Not so Carson McCullers and Robert Penn Warren. Warren has long been the favorite target of certain critics because he wants and gets a large number of readers. It is so easy to call his novels melodramatic that the hostile critics never bother to go any further. As a matter of fact, there is not much melodrama in "Wilderness," and there is a great deal else that deserves careful attention.

THE case of Mrs. McCullers is rather different. If she had not begun her career so brilliantly and at so early an age with "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," there would, I believe, have been great enthusiasm for "Clock Without Hands." But the novel does fall below the standards its author had set, and the reviewers noted this, some with sorrow but some with malicious satisfaction. The fact, of course, had to be recorded, but, having recorded it, one could go on to note how much there was in the book that only Carson McCullers could have written.

At least two other novels should be mentioned. One is William Maxwell's "The Château," a mild and gentle book but one that stands by the reader extraordinarily well. The other is Shirley Ann Grau's "The House on Coliseum Street," which is quite different from anything she has written before but in its own rather hard-bitten way just as skilful and just as interesting.

I didn't like everything I reviewed. I didn't, for example, like John Steinbeck's "The Winter of Our Discontent," which is, in my judgment, perilously close to the brink of dishonesty. I did not care much for R. V. Cassill's "Clem Anderson," though I had expected to. There were many other books, which may as well remain nameless, about which I was at best lukewarm. But, as the record shows, I found much to like, and I am glad that this is true. Although it is obvious that some people disagree with me, I have never felt that a highly developed capacity for disliking books is a virtue in a literary journalist. I am not defending lack of discrimination, but I am saying that the ability to enjoy many kinds of literary experience is not something for which one has to apologize.

One of my purposes in making this year-end summary is to recapture some of the pleasure I have taken in the course of the year. Another purpose is to remind readers of books they may have once wanted to read and then forgotten. Books slip away from us so fast that it is good to take even a hasty second look at those that deserve it.

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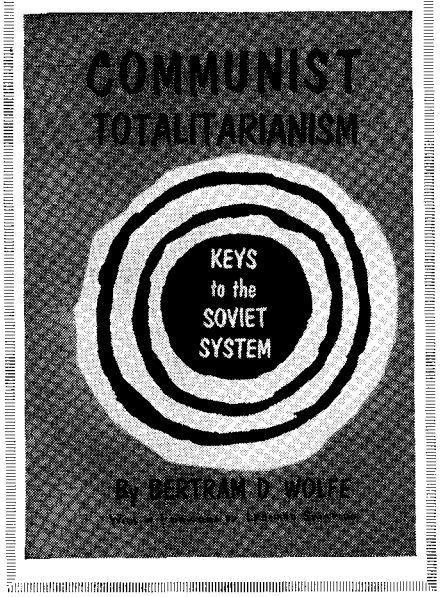
Book in the News



By Theodore Draper, *author, among other books, of "American Communism and Soviet Russia."*

BERTRAM D. WOLFE belonged to the radical generation that came of age during World War I. After two decades of intense political activity, he was forced by events to re-examine the premises on which his activity had been based, and this re-examination has become, after two more decades of equally intensive study, his true lifework. Many men have tried to settle accounts with their past by understanding it, but none has done so more fruitfully and triumphantly. For Mr. Wolfe soon discovered that what had passed for the history of Russian Communism was no more reliable than ancient sagas and modern propaganda. With rare courage and determination, he set out on a long voyage of historical discovery and rediscovery, and to this travail we owe one of the genuinely seminal and pioneering works of our time, "Three Who Made a Revolution," which, as the distinguished British historian Leonard Schapiro justly says in his Foreword to **"Communist Totalitarianism: Keys to the Soviet System"** (Beacon, $4.95), "was literally the first attempt in any language to sift out of oblivion, after forty years or more, the tangled facts of a period of party history over which Soviet historians prefer to draw a veil." Every student of the Soviet Union must hope that the sequel to "Three Who Made a Revolution" will not be long delayed.

Meanwhile, because Mr. Wolfe has also been a fertile essayist in his chosen field, we have some extraordinarily rich and rewarding by-products of these years of reconsideration and reconstruction. His new Book, "Communist Totalitarianism," brings together these essays in such a form that they make a consistent and continuous whole, as if they had been conceived for just such a purpose. This internal unity was made possible by the fact that Mr. Wolfe has at various times taken pains to set forth his views and observations on the main aspects of Soviet life, or what he calls in his subtitle "Keys to the Soviet System." These "keys," as he sees them, number seven: the struggle for power, the coordination of culture, the worker in the workers' state, the two types of Soviet election, the Kremlin as ally and neighbor, the nature of totalitarianism, and the Soviet system and foreign policy.

Only a very confident or foolhardy writer would dare to republish articles and papers spanning twenty years without changing a word. The earliest were written during the last war, when it was not good form to say anything critical of Stalin's Russia. The latest take us almost to the present phase of Khrushchev's Russia. Mr. Wolfe has dared not only because he has scored incomparably more hits than misses but because he has always been preoccupied with the basic and enduring features of the Soviet Union. His grand theme has been the nature of the Soviet system as manifested in its institutions. Not that the style and predilections of the leaders—Lenin, Stalin, and Khrushchev—have not been important, but, for him, the institutions which they have molded and which have, in turn, molded them, have been more important.

For example, it is characteristic of a transition period from one Soviet leader to another that the term "collective leadership" should come into vogue. It flourished during the interregnum between Lenin and Stalin, and provided the latter with both a weapon for eliminating his chief rival, Trotsky, and a cover for imposing his own dictatorship. After Stalin passed away in 1953, "collective leadership" again became the fashion, and it was seriously accepted by many Western writers, as if something genuinely new had been introduced into the Soviet system.

In that same year, however, Mr. Wolfe looked back at the first Soviet experiment in "collective leadership" and wrote:

> Collective leadership is difficult at best, but without democracy it is impossible. Where there are no constitutional rules for collective procedure, where in all fields there is dictatorship, where force settles all things, where opposition is not part of the game of politics but something to be eliminated and crushed, the whole momentum of the state and the system drives relentlessly towards personal dictatorship. So it was with Lenin; so it was with Mussolini; so it was with Hitler; and so it was with Stalin.

And two years later, when "collective leadership" was still supposed to be going strong in the Soviet Union, he warned: "In theory it is conceivable that a committee government, a *Directoire*, a duumvirate, triumvirate or decemvirate, could wield autocratic, dictatorial and total power. But the whole course of Soviet history and the whole dynamic of autocracy, dictatorship and totalitarianism, are against it."

Who hears of "collective leadership" in the Soviet Union any more? The recently concluded Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was as much dominated by Khrushchev as previous congresses had been dominated by Stalin. Stalin was not noted for a healthy sense of humor, but if his present incarnation is capable of enjoying a sardonic spectacle, the Twenty-second Congress must have presented him with incomparable opportunities for transcendental fits of laughter. What could be funnier and, in a deeper sense, more satisfying, than that an old Stalinist like Khrushchev should demonstrate how much Stalinism had rubbed off on him in the very act of crushing for the second time his former Stalinist comrades-in-arms? Indeed, Khrushchev gave Molotov and Kaganovich less opportunity to defend themselves at the Twenty-second Party Congress than Stalin gave Bukharin and Zinoviev at the Seventeenth Party Congress in 1934, and it remains to be seen whether Khrushchev is any more finished with the former than Stalin was then finished with the latter. In terms of the institutional set-up, there was very little to choose between the two congresses, and Khrushchev may yet be credited in essence with a new type of "Stalinism"—anti-Stalin Stalinism.

What saves Mr. Wolfe's work from

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the superficiality of so many other writers in this hazardous field is his sense of the totality of Soviet development. The distillation of his thought may be found in a paper that he presented in 1957 at St. Anthony's College, Oxford, on "The Durability of Despotism in the Soviet System." In it he defines the title of this book, "Communist Totalitarianism," more rigorously and succinctly than I have seen anywhere else, and he explains his reasons for putting the emphasis on "the nature of the institutional framework and its built-in staying powers" in Soviet society. Mr. Wolfe is the kind of writer who likes to give hard answers to hard questions. Here is a brief sample of his ability to deliver his thought as if it were so many punches:

> The whole dynamics of dictatorship calls for a personal dictator; authoritarianism for an authority; infallible doctrine for an infallible applier and interpreter; totally militarized life for a supreme commander; centralized, undivided, all-embracing, and "messianic" powers for a "charismatic" symbol and tenant of authority.

Mr. Wolfe's chief positive message, if I read him rightly, should have as much relevance to the Right as to the Left. The historian of the next century, he declares, is likely to record that all states and all societies in our time "were moving simultaneously, each according to its own tempo, history and tradition, in the general direction of greater 'socialization,' greater state intervention in various fields of social life." The real problem of this century, he suggests, will most probably not be viewed as "socialism versus capitalism"; it is, rather, whether so many aspects of social life can be collectivized, socialized, or statized—the three are not identical, he cautions—in a democratic or a totalitarian framework.

"For totalitarianism," he concludes, "is not a mere epithet, as many who use it imagine, but a serious philosophy of government, with a corresponding governmental structure. And democracy is not a mere breeding ground for totalitarianism, as some of its conservative critics assert, but a rival twentieth-century philosophy of government, with a corresponding structure of government."

A portion of this book was published five years ago as "Six Keys to the Soviet System." The number of keys has increased to seven, as I have noted, and much new material, such as the St. Anthony's paper, has been added in this retitled and enlarged edition. It offers a rare opportunity to meet with a profound and brilliant mind on the most inexorable and insidious issues of the twentieth century.

PERSONAL HISTORY

The Portrait That Boswell Erased

"The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D," by Sir John Hawkins, *edited by Bertram H. Davis (Macmillan. 277 pp. $5.95), preceding and eclipsed by the classic Boswell work, shows how essentially correct the latter was. The second volume of J. H. Plumb's trilogy on Robert Walpole was published last spring.*

By J. H. Plumb

SIR JOHN HAWKINS was an unlucky man. He possessed ability, industry, shrewd judgment, and considerable experience of men. As Johnson's literary executor, he had the use of private diaries and memoranda sufficient to make the task of writing a competent biography easy. Luck never favored Hawkins—at least in literature. His "History of Music" appeared in the same year as Dr. Charles Burney's: that meant near-oblivion for years of toil. His life of Johnson appeared well before Boswell's but, after initial success, the critics turned on it and destroyed its reputation before Boswell gave it the *coup de grâce*. It has never been republished. This edition, skilfully abridged and excellently annotated by Professor Davis, is the first since 1787. It puts all students of the eighteenth century in his debt, and one hopes, too, all of those cultivated readers, of whom, thank God, there are still tens of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic, who find, as I do, anything that touches Johnson's life of compulsive fascination.

One of the values of Hawkins's life lies in the fact that it helps to show how right Boswell was, how accurate, if incomplete, his picture. Hawkins was a grave, steady, shrewd, prosaic man—an attorney first and then a magistrate. Well balanced, successful, and happily married, he possessed none of the extravagance, eccentricity, and folly of Boswell. Moreover he lacked all literary facility. Yet in essence his portrait of Johnson is the same as Boswell's; and at times, being a more normal man, Hawkins sees more clearly "the Great Cham's" oddity. He is better on Johnson's marriage than Boswell, more clear-sighted about his death. Because of Johnson's greatness, the ineptitudes of Hawkins's book (mostly smoothed away by Professor Davis) do not matter. It fascinates and well deserves its reissue.

The magic of Johnson lies, of course, in his splendid humanity and magnanimous compassion. He was naked to life, easily hurt, easily touched, easily

"Egad! Here comes that pest Boswell again."

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infuriated. There was little subtlety about him and not much reserve. That is why he and Boswell got on so famously, and why even those who suffered his elephantine bullying found it hard not to forgive him. His ferocious arrogance was more supportable because his manifold weaknesses and shortcomings bred in others a sense of superiority either in manners or in temperament. This took away the edge from the intellectual inferiority that they were made to feel. Yet neither his pity for his fellow men, his delight in knowledge, nor his passion for conversation explains the whole of Johnson's reputation or why he became and remained so acceptable a figure. The Johnsonian type is neither rare nor unsuccessful in the affairs of the world. The man who says trenchantly what he believes whether it pleases or displeases, who cultivates eccentricity in the details of living, will win acceptance and secure reputation so long as he remains deeply attached to the traditional, formal principles of his country and class. Singularity is always desirable in a conservative context: it gives excitement without danger, spice without heat, all the delicious impertinences of radicalism without its consequences. It is this combination that has helped to turn Johnson into a cult. And, to be fair, it also gives him an enduring interest over and above that which his own rich nature and considerable gifts would have brought him.

Dawning of an Identity

"Pigtails and Pernod," by Simona Pakenham *(St. Martins Press. 287 pp. $4.75), teems with delightful characters, many of them celebrities, who frequented the English author's home in France during her girlhood in the 1930s. British-born biographer and critic Aileen Pippett now makes her home in New York.*

By Aileen Pippett

UNTIL the outbreak of the Second World War retired Britons could still live comfortably in France at about a quarter of the English cost. Dieppe, conveniently connected by rail and boat with London and Paris, was the spot chosen by Simona Pakenham's people, and it was here she spent her vacations from a boarding school near Newhaven. A three-hour crossing of the Channel, and she was at home, happy and free. Her book opens with an amusing account of how she overcame seasickness at the age of twelve and rollicked through a double celebration of Christmas according to the French Catholic and English Protestant customs. A second section describes an Easter when she was fifteen, and a third records a summer when she was an almost-grown-up eighteen.

By that time increased taxes and the threat of war meant the end of this pleasant expatriate life, but there is no hint of wistfulness or nostalgia in these morning-fresh recollections of girlhood. The magic of a vanished past is recaptured as she describes the cliffs, quays, markets, houses, and churches of the French resort and introduces us to her family and friends of both nationalities and all ages.

She lived with her grandparents; around the corner was the home of a great-aunt and a great-uncle who was both a notable musician and the American consul (though he had never set foot in the U.S., he had a striking but synthetic American accent). Their adopted son, the irrepressible Johnny, a year her senior, was her constant companion, and the precocious pair were in on everything going on in both English and French communities. Distinguished visitors, including her grandmother's old admirers, the famous artists Orpen and Sickert, enlivened the proceedings regularly but unnecessarily, for life was never dull when "home for the holidays" was a passport for paradise. Other intimate friends were the buxom and tempestuous cook, Hélène, and the thin, nervous maid, Lucie.

A variety of other characters are sharply realized: a family of French dressmakers; an assortment of colonels with foibles and pets; a dancing master; Winston Churchill's formidable mother-in-law, Lady Blanche Hozier, and his nephews, Giles and Esmond Romilly, always the center of "ructions," as even Lady Blanche, superior to all other criticism, admitted.

The book abounds in good stories about people whose names have become familiar in reminiscences of the 1930s, but it is more than a ragbag of anecdotes because everything is seen through the eyes of a shrewd and observant child, inured to the oddities and contradictions of adults in authority. She was busy growing up and gradually establishing her own identity in a bewildering medley of amiable eccentrics. The emergence of her separate personality gives Simona Pakenham's chronicle a central theme and the continuous interest of a novel. Paradoxically, the facts gain rather than lose authenticity because a pattern is imposed on them, and we are given not the meandering of an egotist but the work of an artist.

Endpapers show a sketch map of Dieppe that enables us to follow the adventures by Johnny and Simona, while the illustrations by Sickert, Orpen, and Max Beerbohm provide the right period effect for an altogether delightful book.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NO CROWING OR CARPING, PLEASE

Numerous creatures of earth, sea, and sky have given their names to verbs in common use. Twenty-three such verbs are defined below by Elizabeth Norton Pitter of New York City. Zoo on page 63

1. To repeat by rote
2. To discolor
3. To tease
4. To dupe
5. To meddle
6. To track
7. To cheat
8. To mimic
9. To struggle, as a horse in a mire
10. To forsake one's associates
11. To stretch the neck
12. To bewilder
13. To frolic
14. To avoid
15. To move sinuously
16. To ridicule
17. To pursue unrelentingly
18. To eat greedily
19. To strut
20. To shoot at detached men of the enemy's forces
21. To thrash
22. To take selfishly
23. To defeat completely, as in cards

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Jolly Popping of Guns and Corks

"All the Best Years," by Desmond Young *(Harper. 333 pp. $5.95), reminisces about ship salvage, journalism, war adventures, fine wines, and other facets of the author's lively past. Nicholas King is an editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune.*

By Nicholas King

DESMOND YOUNG is a Blithe Spirit, Old (British) Model. He has breezed through wars, newspapers, books, and ship salvage with pluck, gusto, and a good deal of success. Few things daunt him. If they do, as did his three years on the *Cape Times* in South Africa, he sensibly decides to pass over them quickly. Not for him are the worries about love and money, the traumas and self-hates of this generation. From Archangel to Addis Ababa, he operates on a mixture of resilience and dash, and there is always a bottle of Chambertin '28 or Lanson '32 to put everyone in good spirits.

Mr. Young has turned his hand to a number of trades, but his first and real vocation was the salvaging of ships. The son of the most celebrated ship salver of his time, he grew up in a fascinating and risky business. We find him rescuing a freighter in the White Sea during the Russian revolution and flying to Brittany by Atlas to refloat another. But after the First World War, things were bad in the salvage business, and Mr. Young is restless. Indeed, he never stops moving around the world.

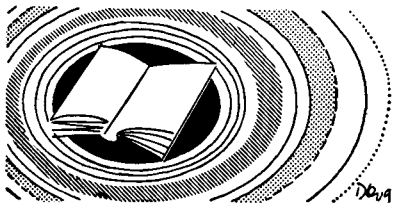
He turns to running a vastly successful London nightclub. A moment later, he is in South Africa learning journalism and climbing breathlessly to the top of the tree. India next, the old India of bearers and British majors, where he revives a dying newspaper and moves it 140 miles to another city without missing an edition. Another war, and he is in the Indian Government overseeing the press. Finally, as a colonel in the Indian army he scurries about Africa hobnobbing with generals. He is captured by the Vichy French in Damascus (excellent wines from the French club); he escapes and returns to Egypt; he is captured again and shipped to a prison camp in Italy. Again he escapes, to Switzerland over the Alps, and there idles away the days of internment by running yet another newspaper intended exclusively for escaped British prisoners of war.

After the war we find him engaged as a press agent for the Nizam of Hyderabad in an attempt to prevent the absorption of that odd state by the Indian Union. Finally, he writes a book about Rommel—"Rommel: The Desert Fox"—which brings him a fortune in royalties and movie rights and, one hopes, a well-deserved retirement.

Its hasty narrative aside, the book is chiefly a celebration of upper-middle-class English tastes of the between-wars period. Cigars, brandy, good wine and food, well-bred and well-dressed ease, club bars, practical jokes, and light verse are its atmosphere. Also, familiarity with celebrities and near-celebrities, which, as usual, grows tedious. There is far too much of "Major General 'Bill' Slim (later General Sir William Slim, commander of the Fourteenth Army in Burma and subsequently Field Marshal Lord Slim, Governor General of Australia)," or the author's army roommate "W. P. Green of the 60th, the Welsh international who had played wing-three-quarter at Oxford"; but one supposes this might interest English readers.

The tone of the whole may be not unfairly summed up by the opening paragraph of the last chapter: "Once again it was over a bottle, but this time of nothing more extravagant than beer. My wife and I were, in fact, having an economy lunch at the Ritz Grill. Our younger daughter was about to marry a duke, but our own prospects were less rosy." Then he has an idea about making some money and tells the waiter to take away the beer and bring him a bottle of champagne.

ENIGMA WHO TOPPLED THE TURKS: The young Englishman who sparked and, to a considerable extent, directed the Arab revolt against the Turks in the First World War and then sought obscurity in the Royal Air Force and British Army is an alluring enigma. Lowell Thomas, who discovered him near the end of that war and made both Lawrence and himself famous by lecturing and writing about him, depicted him as a Sir Galahad. Lawrence's skeletonized narrative, "Revolt in the Desert," was one of the most exciting adventure books of the Twenties. His much longer memoir—the classic "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," published after his death in 1935—revealed a highly complex, introspective man.



In 1955 Richard Aldington sought to destroy the Lawrence legend. Lawrence's other biographers and such distinguished authorities as Sir Winston Churchill have held that Lawrence's contribution to the Arab revolt was important and his account of it generally accurate. But they have disagreed as to the reasons for his subsequent strange behavior.

Anthony Nutting, who was one of Britain's most brilliant younger diplomats before his all-too-early retirement, has examined all the evidence and come up with reasonable conclusions and hypotheses in his book **"Lawrence of Arabia: The Man and the Motive"** (Clarkson Potter, $5). He finds that Lawrence's account of his desert war was on the whole authentic, and points out that General Allenby and many other informed officers and officials read it in its original form and "not one of them quarreled with it." But he agrees that Lawrence left out "certain facts and happenings which did not tie in with his conclusions." And he shares the widely-held view that Lawrence's description of his beating and defilement by the Turks at Deraa borders on the incredible, especially inasmuch as Lawrence claims that he had enough strength left not only to escape but on the very next day to mount a camel and ride 300 miles in less than seventy hours.

In the Deraa incident, however, Mr. Nutting detects a turning point in Lawrence's life and character. It was that, he thinks, that made Lawrence realize he was a masochist. He finds not a shred of evidence that Lawrence was a homosexual. He attributes Lawrence's indifference to the opposite sex to a puritannical upbringing and to the shock of discovering that he was an illegitimate child. He also brings out Lawrence's fear of responsibility. This and his masochism plus a mental breakdown are, he concludes, the "key to the enigma."

Mr. Nutting's account of Lawrence's exploits in the desert will whet the appetite of readers who have not experienced the spell of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." His chapters on Lawrence's later years present some little-known facts, such as Lawrence's work in designing and testing a special, fast motorboat which saved the lives of many RAF pilots shot down in the Second World War. —ERNEST K. LINDLEY.

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Victim of Solitary Sorrows

"The Burning Brand: Diaries 1935-1950," by Cesare Pavese, *translated by A. E. Murch (Walker. 366 pp. $7.50), records the painful existence of a major Italian writer, whose concern for the isolated, uncommitted man is reflected in his novel* ***"The House on the Hill,"*** *translated by W. J. Strachan (Walker. 192 pp. $3.95). Henry Popkin is associate professor of English at New York University.*

By Henry Popkin

Cesare Pavese—"fitful misogyny"

IN HIS native Italy the late Cesare Pavese is recognized as one of the country's very best recent novelists. Here three of his novels, preceding "The House on the Hill," have appeared without winning him much attention, and one of them, probably the best so far translated, seems to have gone out of print. So the pleasure of discovering Pavese still remains for many of us. A great deal about his tragic character may be learned from his journal "The Burning Brand."

In his diaries Pavese explores what, in addressing himself, he calls "your own tendency . . . to wallow in your unhappiness, to touch bottom," thus shedding considerable light on his suicide in 1950. Unquestionably a profoundly melancholy, lonely man, Pavese was especially bitter during the years when he had to face Fascism in government, neglect in his literary life, and disappointment in love. He went to prison for his political beliefs, but in time established himself as a writer, producing at least four novels of permanent interest.

For half the journal his main concern is his work, and he long abstains both from his withering aphorisms about women and his references to suicide, a subject with which he had been obsessed. Pavese still makes passing references to suffering and to love, but he has, to a degree, learned to avoid being hurt. There are fewer personal entries and more literary ones—examining recurrent archetypal patterns in literature, defending the use of dialect and colloquial speech in serious writing, commenting on Shakespeare's plays, and urging, predictably, objectivity in fiction. He achieves such success and confidence that he can even take a friend's American vogue in stride: "I am in no hurry. I shall beat him in the long run."

By this time Pavese has become a Communist, but he says remarkably little about it. He notes the dullness of Party meetings and writes, a little before his death, that he has been accused of being "not a good Communist." If "a political responsibility" moved him to suicide, he does not explain it in his diaries. Instead, his self-destruction is directly traceable to an unhappy affair with an American film actress. On meeting her he suddenly forgets all the self-protection he has painfully learned.

The "literary" pages of the diaries deserve every conventional compliment. They contain the intelligent observations of a dedicated, thoughtful, extremely learned man of letters. But to read the lines in which Pavese records his private sorrows is to share the unique experience of his tortuous life, to see his blood staining the printed page. Although he can diagnose the physical causes of his unhappiness in love, he still reflects savagely on the women who have forsaken him: "If a woman does not betray you, it is because it does not suit her convenience." "No woman marries for money: they are all clever enough, before marrying a millionaire, to fall in love with him." Curiously, this fitful misogyny does not color his fiction, and the action of one novel, "Among Women Only," is described from the sympathetic point of view of a woman. And yet a novelist's understanding could not prevent Pavese from writing: "Think the worst. You will not be wrong. Women are an enemy race, like the Germans."

Bitter rage gives way to moments of peace, depression, and isolation: "The sole heroic rule is to be alone, alone, alone," he writes in 1940. More than five years later the inevitable solitariness of Pavese's life is still being rationalized as a rule and a preference: "Every evening . . . there comes that fierce joy, the warm glow of being alone again. It is the one really good thing that happens every day."

Of the four novels thus far translated into English "The House on the Hill" is the most subjective. Paradoxically, it is an account of detachment, of a single, uncommitted individual who lives through the events of 1943-44, when the Italian monarchy jettisoned Mussolini and abandoned Hitler, who promptly set up a Republican-Fascist government to carry on the war. A teacher moves into the hills near Turin to avoid bombardment, but, in this retreat, he finds himself challenged by the presence of partisans. He is brought close to commitment by his former mistress, who is one of them, and by her child, who might be his. But, with mother and child lost to him, he undertakes a flight to safety, wandering, isolated and afraid, through zealotry of every sort. Casually and episodically put together, "The House on the Hill" lacks the knowing construction and the abundant incident of "The Moon and the Bonfires," which is my own favorite among Pavese's novels. Still, the book repays close attention, and it offers the extra dividend of a peculiar harmony with "The Burning Brand."

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 961

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 961 will be found in the next issue.

ENDIVORGA ENO GP LO
ETPKCOC, GFOB ENO
EQHEBA TIQDEN ERC
PZGOR SPRTKRSKRD.
PASEN HKQCO.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 960

I was a modest, good-humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable. —SIR MAX BEERBOHM.

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Asocial Act of Mercy

"The Executioner," by Pierre Boulle, *translated by Xan Fielding (Vanguard. 186 pp. $3.95), synthesizes in a tale of merciful murder the author's contempt for inflexible tradition. Anna Balakian wrote "Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute."*

By Anna Balakian

PIERRE BOULLE'S parable on the vagaries of human justice is set in the Orient like his previous novels, but this time there are no sensational adventures to highlight individual heroism or social iniquity. The drama is succinct and much more powerful.

The principal character is Chong, who has inherited from his father the profession of executioner. He fights in vain against his distasteful destiny until by chance he finds a way to mitigate the horror of the last fifteen minutes of a condemned man's life and thereby to turn himself from State's avenger into angel of mercy. But Chong, like Camus's Stranger, remains undeciphered to the end. We judge him by his words and by his acts. Being no psychologist, he cannot answer the persistent query of the Mandarin President in the high tribunal where he stands accused of murder: why did he kill by poison fifteen minutes too soon those whom he was ordered to kill by the sword at an appointed time as condemned criminals? By showing the inability of anyone concerned with the case to answer this question, Pierre Boulle makes, without a word of oratory, a profound indictment of society, Chinese or any other: to what level of perversity has the human race fallen when an act of mercy cannot be recognized either by society or even by the man of mercy, himself!

A novelist of the Western world gets the cold facts of the case from the Chinese doctor who acted as death row's medical examiner. The tale unfolds rapidly, boldly; as his target for contempt of social tradition Boulle has fittingly chosen a country whose basic cult has been identified with tradition. He also demonstrates that the more diligently a nation adheres to tradition the more severely it is apt to punish the nonconformist. Where the true nature of good and evil is stifled in social custom and majority opinion, "it is an abominable crime to disturb the established order." The cruelest of Chinese tortures must be brought down upon the heads of those who venture into "the evil genius of personal initiative."

By underplaying the callousness of all concerned with the judgment of Chong, Pierre Boulle develops to an effective climax society's incomprehension of the irregularities with which Chong carried out his function, or of his love for a blind and ugly consort. Are not perversity and insanity the only deviations from the norm recognized by a world in which the preoccupation with the subconscious has anesthetized the sensitivities of that faculty which used to be called "conscience"?

As a background to the delineation of Chong, Pierre Boulle presents an impoverished China, and the matter-of-fact manner in which want and sloth are portrayed reminds one of the Ireland of Swift's ironic pen.

This is a mature, extremely sophisticated work, written in the vein of the French philosophical novel; and, like Voltaire and Camus before him, Pierre Boulle tantalizes and torments the conscience of his reader.

Jabs at a Luciferian Weekly

"The Fun House," by William Brinkley *(Random House. 373 pp. $5.95), burlesques the life and times of some unlovely types who inhabit the offices of "the country's really big magazine." George Kirgo is a television panelist and author of "Hercules: The Big Greek Story."*

By George Kirgo

IN "THE FUN HOUSE" you'll find "the greatest collection of brains and talent of any building in the world."

William Brinkley—for foibles and fatuities, fulmination.

So Mr. Brinkley tells us, and we're glad to have the information—because otherwise we'd never know it. These paragons make up the staff of *Vital*, and *Vital*, fittingly enough, is "the country's really big magazine." How big? A *Vital* article "can change overnight an entire nation's habits," prompt "battles in the streets in nations as far apart as Pakistan and Paraguay, blood to flow, men to die." *Vital* is so influential, in fact, it has even "affected the course of an advertising sales campaign."

Vital is a picture magazine, and you don't have to be a Latin scholar to deduce that the author has been inspired by *Life*. His approach is satiric. Certainly, as a one-time *Life* employee, Mr. Brinkley is entitled to release the wrath we assume he amassed during his stretch at that big fun house. But he does so at such great length that we wonder whether his ire doesn't stem from years of writing captions. There aren't enough words for him to describe the fatuities and foibles of his former confrères, the megalomaniacal photographers and tyrannical managing editors, the intramural rivalries and office orgies. And, after an endless account of a political campaign tour ("Day and night the train pulsed through the Union. Over the tracks of the NP, the CMS&P, the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, Heart, Gladstone, Hebron [etc., etc.] . . .

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through the fat grainlands of North Dakota [etc., etc.] . . . The wild lands and the tamed lands"), we are soon tempted to cry Wolfe.

Yet, for all his devotion to detail, the author's satire is incomplete. He paints a nasty picture of nearly everyone connected with *Vital*, with one striking and curious exception—the Man at the Top. *Vital*'s publisher is not only immune from irony, he never appears at all. Is he, whoever he is, an absentee landlord, or was Mr. Brinkley that rare employee who got along with his boss?

Like all classic satires, "The Fun House" has its hero. He's Henry Gaskin, the twentieth century Renaissance Man who's flourished in slick fiction ever since "The Hucksters." He's Hemingway's Robert Jordan, defending civilization at the barricades in Rockefeller Center. He's a man's man: "Nobody had ever been able to tamper successfuly with his ego . . . He never wore either hat or overcoat even in the coldest New York weather . . . He could drink almost any number of martinis and still come back to the office and work with complete competence." A regular Superman! But sensitive. We know he's sensitive because 1) he has a high-fidelity system in his office "nearly always going even when Gaskin was writing a story, in fact, particularly then," 2) he's fond of quoting the metaphysical poets, and 3) he finally chucks it all, eloping with his fellow-staffer true love (Charity Cabot!) to a more meaningful life in some privately endowed Peace Corps.

Mr. Brinkley means well, but he cheapens his argument ("The clock is running out . . . man must prevail") with a cast of two-dimensional characters. And, as a satirist, he has one serious shortcoming: he's not very funny.

RED SHADOWS IN NEW GUINEA: In "**North From Thursday**" (Morrow, $3.95) the Australian novelist Jon Cleary has written an exciting study of the conflict between civilization and savagery in present-day New Guinea. His novel is in the tradition of Joyce Cary's "Mr. Johnson" and Gwyn Griffin's "Something of an Achievement," yet it has its own point of view and its own special virtues. Mr. Cleary lacks Cary's wild imagination and Griffin's extraordinary capacity for hatred; his qualities are less spectacular. But he has honesty, plausibility, and a quiet determination to face facts without prejudice or affectation.

Roy Narvo, the hero of "North From Thursday," is in charge of a patrol base in the interior of New Guinea. Under Australian administration and U.N. supervision, he looks after the

Homicide for the Holidays

A Selection of Choice Crime Books

THE DEVIL WAS HANDSOME. By Maurice Procter. Harper. $3.50.
Chief Inspector Martineau of large English city and his alert crew (including delightful and brainy policewoman) round up assorted wrongdoers engaged in fine variety of felonies topped by murder.

LIZZIE BORDEN: The Untold Story. By Edward D. Radin. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.
This bombshell, examining the greatest of American murders (Fall River, Mass., 1892), will delight some devotees and infuriate others—neutrality is out.

A COMPANION TO MURDER. By E. Spencer Shew. Knopf. $4.50.
A "dictionary of death by poison, shooting, drowning, and strangulation, 1900-1950," all British, with many cases familiar to Americans.

THE SHEPPARD MURDER CASE. By Paul Holmes. Foreword by Erle Stanley Gardner. McKay. $5.
Cleveland 1954 *cause célèbre* is examined in detail by Chicago *Tribune* reporter who covered it and who is himself a lawyer (did justice miscarry?).

THE GENTLEMAN WAS A THIEF. By Neil Hickey. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.
Itemized recital of career of America's greatest gem heister (*floruit* New York and environs, 1910-1929), now living in harmless retirement.

THE PAPERS OF ANDREW MELMOTH. By Hugh Sykes Davies. Morrow. $3.50.
English scientist's work with rats leads to inevitable dénouement in this tract for the times.

ONE NIGHT IN JULY: The True Story of the Rosenthal-Becker Murder Case. By Jonathan Root. Coward-McCann. $4.95.
Slaying of Manhattan gambler in 1912 sent four gunmen to Sing Sing's electric chair and, a year later, a police lieutenant.

OPERATION TERROR. By the Gordons. Crime Club. $2.95.
Los Angeles bank teller (f.) falls in with crook's plot to make $100,000 haul; she also tips off FBI boys, who follow through.

A CASE FOR APPEAL. By Lesley Egan. Harper. $3.50.
Double abortion deaths in rural California bring guilty verdict for doctor's daughter; her lawyer and cops team to set aside jury's finding.

FAREWELL CROWN AND GOODBYE KING. By Margot Bennett. Walker. $2.95.
London promoter disappears, and so do funds lent him by friends; investigation turns up tale of European monarch living incognito in Britain; three die.

THE EMPTY ROBE. By Stella Crater with Oscar Fraley. Doubleday. $4.50.
Wife's account (she is now 74) of 1930 disappearance of New York State jurist and of subsequent developments in most famous and baffling missing-person case of century.

THE MEN WHO ROBBED BRINK'S. By Specs O'Keefe with Bob Considine. Random House. $3.95.
Start-to-finish rundown of Boston's sensational 1950 heist ($1,218,211.29 cash), largely in the words of a participant, proves that crime does not pay even when it pays off.

TALES FOR A RAINY NIGHT. Edited by David Alexander. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.
Yarns by U.S., British, Canadian, Argentinian, and Japanese authors make up this fourteenth Mystery Writers of America anthology.

A GRAVE UNDERTAKING. By Lionel White. Dutton. $2.95.
Manhattan mortician's establishment is take-off for big bank heist; corpse is required for phony funeral (and there are more after terminal gunplay).

A FRIEND OF MARY ROSE. By Elizabeth Fenwick. Harper. $3.50.
Eighty-three-year-old Connecticut blind man turns amateur eye when molester stalks child in vacated house.

BANKING ON DEATH. By Emma Lathen. Macmillan. $3.50.
Murder in Buffalo moves New York investment experts to play private eye with exciting results.

THE SMARTEST GRAVE. By R. J. White. Harper. $3.95.
Rural England is scene of jolly-grisly yarn involving disappearance of consorts of hearty old soldier.

TEN RILLINGTON PLACE. By Ludovic Kennedy. With a word to American readers by A. J. Liebling. Affiliated Publishers. $4.95.
Full story of London necrophile who slew seven women and one baby and sparked the legal murder of an innocent youth (1943-53). —SERGEANT CUFF.

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welfare of several extremely primitive tribes. His struggles—against them, the U.N., the Australian government, the subordinates on his staff, and his own weaknesses—form the central action of the novel. Grouped around Narvo are a dozen secondary characters, native and white, all sharply, subtly, and believably realized. The villain, if there is one, is the shadowy, faraway menace of Communism, back at the U.N., in the "outside world," waiting to take advantage of Narvo's mistakes, to build up a false "colonialism" issue at the risk of destroying all the good work he had done.

Mr. Cleary leaves no doubt as to his personal feelings about this Communist threat. Indeed, this is what gives the book its drive and suspense, what makes us root for Narvo and hope that he will evade the trap being set for him. But the author's great achievement is that his political opinions do not interfere with his vision as a novelist: he never pigeonholes his characters according to their political complexion. The one person in the book who actually stands for the Communist cause, and represents in the plot the greatest threat to Narvo's future, is treated with as much understanding and penetration as everyone else. Mr. Cleary makes us hate Peter Traxal's attitudes, and certain elements in his personality, but ultimately he makes us sympathize with Peter Traxal as a man.

And so, along with many other virtues—strong, simple writing, the born storyteller's ability to bring off a dramatic scene without apparent effort—Mr. Cleary exemplifies in "North From Thursday" what a political novel should contain: both passion and objectivity, deep commitment to a doctrine but even deeper commitment to the truth of human nature. —JAMES YAFFE.

The Kill

By Donald Hall

SHEEP move on the grass
so seldom one imagines
small boulders.

Then a dog hurtles
into the field, like water.

The sheep flutter.
The dog tears among them
for five minutes. Then he diminishes

like a wind or a flood
into the rubble of distance.

The Great Journey

By ABRAHAM KAPLAN, *professor of philosophy at UCLA and author of the recently published "The New World of Philosophy."*

FOR SOME time Americans have been expressing concern over what is felt to be a loss of national purpose, and there are desperate pleas for its recovery. People ask: How can we exercise leadership of the free world if we have nowhere to lead it? How can we appeal to the uncommitted nations to join our side if we cannot say *what* side it is beyond the fact that it is ours? Our enemies know where they are going and they know how to get there; we are groping and unsure. How can we hope to win?

Many Americans, though not convinced that the end of the world is at hand, nevertheless anxiously await the apocalyptic moment when our fate will be revealed once for all. Outside the backyard shelters and the vigilante hideouts, we search for a sign in which to conquer. To meet the challenge of Communism, it is said over and over again, we must make of democracy a faith as unshakable as theirs: we need not choose between red and dead, but if we have no absolutes of our own the choice will not be ours to make.

I have never been persuaded by this logic. An official democratic ideology is a contradiction in terms. Only the totalitarians can have a mission. If this puts us at a disadvantage we must meet it head on. Democracy does not and cannot have a commitment to an absolute goal. It is a *way* of arriving at social policy and not a fixed set of social arrangements. The liberty provided by democratic institutions is a form to which content can be given only by the free spirit of the individual citizen. A belief is rational, not because it embodies a truth—for who is to say?—but because it was rationally arrived at.

Such freedom does not come cheap, and rationality has its price. It is the price paid by medicine to quackery and by science to superstition. The other side claims to cure everything and to explain everything, while we can present only something piecemeal and provisional. Democracy cannot offer any guarantees. To live with democracy a man must have the courage to put at stake his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor for something less than an ironclad absolute.

We must look, not to the Day of Judgment, but to the issue of the day; not to ultimate destinations, but to the next step we are to take. The ideology we confront has the appeal of a full-color travel folder—and as little worth. There is no need for us to produce an alluring picture of our own. What is needed is no picture but a map, a map to show us and all the world where we are and what roads lie open before us. Statesmanship is equated with vision; in democracy it is the vision not of a predestined end but of the greatness of the journey.

The clamorous search for national goals does not stem from democracy's loss of purpose but from our loss of faith in its citizens. We are characters in search of an author, while the greatness of the drama lies just in this: that the characters themselves take over the plot. Democracy means that you carry no banner but your own.

The leadership that is ours to give—to other countries or in our own—can mean nothing to those who want only to follow. If we do have a mission to proclaim, it can only be that man is the master of his own fate—regardless of history or the Bomb, armies or governments, leaders or ideologies. We need not search for values that will sell to those nations who are still in the market to buy; we are not dedicated to the dream of a world rich and creamy with a homogenized goodness of American manufacture. Our dedication is to a world where no man is a stranger or afraid, because he knows it as a world of his own making.

The real disadvantage which we suffer from the Communist ideology is the disadvantage of life as it confronts the death that stalks it. Once dead always dead, but to survive one bout with death means only to prepare for the next. A people that has fallen to Communism has lost its freedom irrevocably; a free people must struggle endlessly to preserve its freedom. Nothing we can do will solve this problem for us once for all; we must simply learn to live with it. Not to *solve* our problems, but to cope with them and survive for the next—that is our task. What we need is not a mission, but the courage to do without. What we need is to believe in ourselves.

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Christmas Greetings To the American Dream

By John Ciardi

MAY your tree be lit, your eggnog spiked.
May all the kids be skated and biked,
Dolled, railroaded, chemistry-setted,
Gamed, gunned, holstered, model-jetted,
Kittened, puppied, and otherwise petted,
Bongo'd, bugled, or clarinetted,
And generally aided and abetted
To warm your hearts with their happy riot.
May they even, perhaps, at last, be quiet
And, if not grateful, satisfied.
May they grant, if nothing else, that you tried.
May souls rejoice and tables groan.
And when the happy hours have flown,
May they go to bed—at your first suggestion—
With neither tantrums nor indigestion.

WHEN you finally sit alone, perhaps
With a couple of well-earned stiff nightcaps,
May your own loot be stacked as high
As the brightest bird of your wish can fly,
Or the wildest hawk of your dreams of greed.
May you find you have more than you'll ever need
Of whatever it is (or was) you think
(Or thought) you needed—bandsaws, mink,
Stereo, cameras, stocks and bonds,
Credit cards and magic wands,
Diamonds, shotguns, and as for cars,
Caddies and Morgans and Jaguars,
Or maybe a Rolls or maybe a Bentley.
I wish this wish—and I wish it gently—
That whoever you are, whatever your tot,
You get what you want, and get a lot.
Whatever your tot, whoever you are,
May your elbow wear a hole in the bar.
And whenever you come to the end of your souse,
May you find that it's—all of it—on the house.

AS for the year—and the years—ahead,
May they feather your nest, or at least your bed,
With whatever is best designed to rid
Your ego, super-ego, id
Of nagging perplexities, clumsy proprieties,
Complex neuroses, and plain anxieties.
May your balance grow fat and your waist stay lean.
May your clothes be fit for a king and queen.
May your photos appear in a magazine.
May you sleep in bliss, may you wake in beauty.
May you be excused from jury duty,
From having to be, or to work for, The Boss,
And from Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.
May you always be long when the market is up,
And short when it's down. If you keep the pup
The kids are sleeping with, may it grow
To take best of breed, and best of show.
May your luck leave even you bemused,
Your tax be rebated, your rent reduced.
May your loves be lyric, your health dramatic,
Your tenor, in general, light-operatic.
May your mind, like your kitchen, be automatic
And, never thinking, never be wrong,
But filled to the brim with piped-in song,
A hundred and seventy million strong,
Lurching a little, but marching along
To the rainbow's end, to the golden pot.
Till you get it—whether it's there or not.

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Saturday Review

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The Season of Hope

NOT ALL the world's peoples observe Christmas, but almost all of them have at least one day or period each year when hope comes out of hiding and men feel comfortable about benevolence. At such a time, an outstretched hand, even toward a foe, is considered neither craven nor disloyal.

In this mood, therefore, we send holiday greetings to the Russian people and wish them everything we wish for ourselves—a chance to live honorably and creatively, good health and noble works, genuine peace, and the fulness of freedom. We congratulate them on their achievements—their forays beyond the earth, their vast new housing developments, their progress in education, and the continued excellence of their ballet and opera. We rejoice that so many millions of them, after long, crowded years in one- or two-room flats with other families, now have apartments of their own with access to sun and open sky.

We also express our affection for them as individuals. They are warm, accessible, generous, good-humored, convivial, energetic, robust, sympathetic. These are qualities, we like to think, that also apply to Americans in some measure. We hold to severely different views of economic systems and political philosophy, but this does not prevent us from making a distinction between them as a people and their government. Nor does it prevent us from reminding ourselves that some things we have in common. We both belong to a species that can protect itself against everything except human intelligence. Both of us are probing into the great beyond even before we have charted a safe course on the only planet alloted to us. We both share the gift of human uniqueness and the burden of justifying it. We both have potential access to all the fruits of human wisdom, and find ways of deferring the bounty.

Finally, we are tied together as no two peoples have been tied together before. We have it within our joint power to pulverize the species of which we are a part, including untold numbers of people with whom neither of us has any quarrel. We are in a race, both of us, to the ultimates—in folly or splendor.

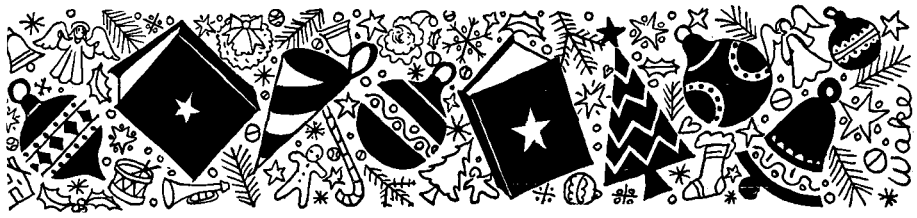
Something else we have in common—a shared helplessness as the mutual terror deepens. All of us understand the consequences of the folly; neither one craves the distinction of belonging to the last generation of civilized men on earth. Yet the certainty of disaster represented by the present drift is exceeded only by the uncertainty of how to avert it.

"You have found, you say, scarcely anything but useless errors," wrote Voltaire. "Let us try to enlighten ourselves together; let us try to disinter some precious monuments from the ruins of centuries."

Mutual enlightenment can keep the monument of modern man from becoming a ruin; but enlightenment depends not just on good will but on the existence and exchange of knowledge. It is at this point that some Americans lose heart, seeing nothing but futility in the effort to get through to the Russians. This is a strange admission of defeat for a nation that prides itself on its ingenuity and its talent for communications. Moreover, much evidence dramatizes the fact that it is possible to get through—so long as creative and sustained thought goes into the attempt. The President's initiative in seeking the interview published in *Izvestia;* the conferences on foreign policy between prominent Russian and American private citizens—again the result of American initiative; the large-scale tourist travel inside the Soviet Union—all these are living facts and ought to be multiplied many times.

Shared enlightenment is not enough, of course, to stall all the running engines now being primed for thermonuclear war. But knowledge is also the power behind changed attitudes; and attitudes come first in any inventory of prospects. Here a change is long overdue in the conditioned reflexes that accompany the word "unilateral." Rightly, disarmament cannot be a unilateral affair. But we must not allow the word to block out a wide variety of things that can be done even without waiting for the Russians. Instead of thinking about unilateralism, let us think of vital initiatives—ideas we can advance and measures we can take that strengthen our standing in the human community.

In his remarkable "The Poetry of History," Emery Neff says that the highest step in human culture is the comprehension of humanity. In whatever we say to the Russians, we should never forget the magic of freedom but we can always remember that an awareness of a common destiny unlocks the mind, stimulates insight, and releases energy for mutual adventure. The end is not uniformity. It is not even combined operations. The end is a world whose inhabitants, whatever their political and economic values, place proper value on human life. —N.C.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GRASS-ROOTS SUPPORT

CONGRATULATIONS on the editorial on the Society for Individual Responsibility [*SR*, Dec. 2]. I have lived a long time—seventy-six years—and have seen great dreams fail for want of support at the grass-roots level. But now, as N.C. points out, there is a very general sense of urgency. There is need for the individual to know what he can do, and need for the initiative and courage to do it.

If *SR*'s proposed "clearinghouse" or "exchange-post" could function as just that, it would render a great and needed service. For so often the eager individual does not realize opportunities close at hand, nor the significance of many doing the small things. The things that individuals might do are many and of all sizes. . . .

If enough happens at the grass-roots level, then a foundation will be laid for the support of a better world order. For we need both the leader with the blueprints and the supporting will of the common man. In such a situation it could be that world climate would change, and just naturally prove fatal to the monsters that now proliferate in every land.

HARRY A. BRANDT.
La Verne, Calif.

HELP WANTED

AS A PERSON WHO would like to feel "responsible and relevant," to use N.C.'s phrase, I am much impressed with the idea of a Society for Individual Responsibility. A national organization to provide positive support for a positive national program seems almost a "revolutionary" idea.

Hurrah for SIR! Now, how do I find my local chapter? I am not the sort of person who has ever tried to organize a group myself, and there must be millions like me, who will think that this is a very important possibility, and still will not quite know how to help make SIR an actuality.

VIVIENNE HAMILTON.
Berkeley, Calif.

HELP OFFERED

I'M WITH YOU. Where do we start?

JUDITH ANN LAWRENCE.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many readers have already indicated their interest in taking the initiative to start local units of SIR, and many others have written to say they are eager to participate in units in their areas when they are formed. Reader response to the SIR editorial has broken all records at SR. Most of the letter writers asked to be put in touch with SIR members in their own communities. Accordingly, names and addresses are now being correlated and the required information will be forwarded to those requesting it.*

Another frequent request is concerned with the need for background materials. Here, too, a reference list of specific issues for discussion by SIR groups is now being prepared. Also in preparation is a bulletin that may serve as something of an exchange post for SIR. Reprints of the December 2 editorial are available, with the compliments of SR, for those who wish to use them in forming local SIR chapters.

INDIVIDUALS DO COUNT

IN THE EDITORIAL on the Society for Individual Responsibility, N.C. suggested the formation of local chapters by people who are concerned by current events and who wish to do something about them.

The need for individual responsibility is a cause for which I have been raising a feeble voice for some time. When my acquaintances raise their voices in protest against some action, or more often lack of action, on the part of local, state, or national government, I ask them what they have done recently to make their opinions felt, and am usually answered with a pitying smile and a shrug, accompanied by the comment, "Don't be silly. What's the use? They're all out to get what they can. They don't pay attention to you unless you're in a position to contribute ten thousand or so for campaign expenses." I have answered criticism of churches by pointing out that churches are what the individual members make them, or that any group is what the individual members make it. Even in the difficult field of race relations, I feel, the answer lies in individual responsibility by members of all races in question. But my friends smile knowingly, say softly, "Let's change the subject," and go back for another highball.

Because of my unexalted station in life—I am a cook by trade—I feel that my voice alone has little effect in this world of George Babbitts, and I therefore feel that I am not equal to the job of forming a local chapter. However, I am willing and eager to join such a group and do what I can to help. If you have had any other response from San Francisco from persons who might be interested, I would be happy to receive their names and addresses so that I might offer my services.

FRANK C. STAHL.
San Francisco, Calif.

THE RESPONSIBLE BROTHERHOOD

THE SIR EDITORIAL arouses my sympathy. To my own long-standing similar interest I have given the name "The Responsible Brotherhood."

The offer to use SR as a clearinghouse

(*Continued on page 63*)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

High Time Along Saroyan

LAFAYETTE, IND.

WILLIAM SAROYAN is probably the freest man in captivity. In fact he is so free it hurts. It hurts the income tax collectors, to whom he still owes $29,000. It hurts Saroyan, who at the age of fifty-two says he hasn't yet picked up the pieces of his life to discover who he is. And it hurts audiences who sit through Saroyan plays with the feeling that each of them could and should be better than it is.

His newest play, "**High Time Along the Wabash,**" which has just had its world premiere at Purdue University's Loeb Playhouse, is a case in point. The play is built around a fine idea. A fifty-two-year-old British atomic scientist on exchange to Purdue, who has made improper advances to a teen-age girl in a deserted spot along the Wabash, awakes to find himself bound hand and foot by her and a young Negro who has come to her aid. The sadder and wiser professor sees that the natural thing would be for the two to fall in love, and he tries to encourage it. But it cannot happen in provincial America, although, as Mr. Saroyan suggests in his title, it is high time we stopped treating our minorities as second-class citizens, if not along the Swanee, at least along the Wabash. But Mr. Saroyan's target is not restricted to racial bias. As in so many of his plays, he is concerned with the denial of the truth of life, the high time of life, by human beings to themselves and to each other. A group of student actors, who are rehearsing a pageant about the last moments of man before the bomb goes off, enter and ask the professor for details. The professor answers, "You are saying, I presume, that we now have the means to destroy ourselves. The fact is that what we have is something else entirely. A slight, a very slight, understanding of how to engage and control energy which in the nature of things is unlimited and inexhaustible. We do not have a weapon, certainly not a *new* one. The only weapon is ourselves and we certainly weren't discovered in 1945."

The play ends with the pageant disintegrating into dramatically inept horseplay, but with the nonintegrated foolishness continuing. What Mr. Saroyan seems to have suggested is that the impending destruction of the world is no greater a crime against people than any other of society's devices that cause us to deny freedom and truth.

Unfortunately the form, which Mr. Saroyan describes as "a kind of lyric poetic folk drama," makes the action seem stillborn. The characters are tepid abstractions. The dialogue, which sounds not at all poetic, appears to come stiffly out of the author's mind rather than fluidly out of the dramatic situation, and the action seems random instead of inevitable, which may be what Mr. Saroyan means by "folk drama."

This is exasperating to the critic who sees not only the makings of a wonderful play, but who is shown in a short, merry, and eloquent afterpiece, called "Hanging Around the Wabash," that Mr. Saroyan is perfectly capable of writing that wonderful play. It's just that, like Bartleby, he prefers not to.

TO understand why he prefers not to, one should read his forthcoming autobiographical sampler titled "Here Comes/There Goes You Know Who" (Trident Press-Simon and Schuster, $5.95). Not that the autobiography is consistently wonderful either, but in a book the reader can edit and reorganize for himself and put everything that has meaning for him together.

By skipping around, one can follow Mr. Saroyan from his birth in Fresno, California, through fifty-two years as "an amateur human being" chasing his capacity to be more than he is, but always trusting his creative self, writing quickly, not worrying about mistakes, simply forgetting them and moving on to the next short story or play. There are glimpses of his father's early death and his legacy of unfinished literary efforts, whose insufficiency incited Saroyan never to let life bully him as it had his father; his years in the orphanage where he was placed so that his mother could take a job as a housekeeper; his rebellion against school; his migration to Los Angeles and New York. Then there is almost nothing about the years of his success, his marriage, and his divorce. Instead we pick him up again talking about his own coming to fatherhood, and it is apparent that his son and daughter are for him the most important achievements in his life—along with the trunkful of unpublished plays and stories he carries with him around the world in a frantic effort to accumulate enough money to pay his back taxes, without at the same time throwing away himself, a self that includes a compulsion to gamble away money, and an insistence upon being an artist in his own way.

This book is written by himself for himself, but there are a number of people who will find fun and wisdom in it. For every dentist and for every dentist's patient, there has probably never been anything funnier than a paragraph on page 213, in which Saroyan loses patience and takes his dentist to task for making a lifetime project out of rebuilding his mouth. For those who have been involved with loyalty oaths and passports, Mr. Saroyan's reply to his government's query about a quotation credited to him by Moscow reporters is better than any editorial I've read on the subject. Every theatrical producer, lawyer, and agent should cringe at his reply to a man who wanted 10 per cent of the income from a property for the next thirty-seven years. And there are at least fourteen statements which any young writer might profitably consider.

For those who don't fall into any of these categories, the best things in the book will be several items about fathers and their children, and a challenging essay titled "The Playwright," which is about what Mr. Saroyan considers our obsolete theatre. In the latter he comes out against emotionality as a device by which to achieve dramatic effects, and against the theoretic need of contemporary playwrights to be accepted. He says, "A play has got to be itself, and not a confusion of intentions and expectations based upon the winning of the current ticket-buying horde. The more a playwright strains to win the horde, the less ease he has in the making of a work, and ease is what he needs in order to achieve effectiveness in the work itself, which if it has ease will eventually win a horde in any case, but with this difference: the quality of perceptiveness, of livingness in the horde, will have been improved and extended a little."

Mr. Saroyan's theory is right, provided the works written with this ease *do* win a horde or even half a horde. The unfortunate fact is that most of his works have not done so, and there seems to be not the slightest chance of ever persuading him either to reorganize and develop or to let someone else reorganize and develop the almost always exciting material he has achieved with such ease. The critics can do nothing about it, and since our obligation is to the reader anyway, this fact should theoretically not bother us at all. But it does, and we join the Internal Revenue Service in hoping that the great man will strike solid gold again soon.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Television's Mad Hatters

YEAR'S END is when television takes the world seriously, looking behind and ahead. It is also the time when it is impossible to take television seriously: one is ambivalently charmed and appalled by it, as Alice was—in Wonderland—at the Mad Hatter's tea party. The March Hare had murdered time, remember; it was always tea time, six o'clock—no time to wash the things between whiles—so the Hatter, the Hare and the Dormouse kept moving round the tea table as things got used up. The 1961-62 television season is still in its spring; but TV's Mad Hatters are already moving things around again for the season of 1962-63. The house is full of promise and improvement. There's a new "mood" and "climate." Oases will bloom in that bad-man-from-Washington's metaphorical wasteland. "Originality" is the key word; "quality," "creativity," "freshness," "difference" are its bold, refreshing variations.

Broadcasting, the trade weekly, reports the major changes coming in regularly scheduled TV program fare—fewer Westerns and private eyes, more "meaningful drama," family situation comedies, a resurgence of games and quiz shows, live variety, and children's programs. The report deals exclusively with entertainment; the number of public affairs programs is expected to "remain about the same or increase slightly." Half-hour shows, the survey predicts, will return in force; the hour program, so grandly bugled just before the coming of this current season, will be considerably less fashionable. Hour shows, it seems, are harder to replace when they fail; and yesterday's widely rejected thirty-minute format has now become the key to unlock the gates of program diversity. The cartoon trend has been blunted and "violence for the sake of violence" is allegedly in disrepute. "Experimentation" will govern the efforts of "new things by top-flight people." Let us hope that all this new tea will really be served. Yet it is difficult to forget that in television, as in Wonderland, time has been murdered and it is always six o'clock. We have been here before.

Last summer *Telefilm Magazine* looked ahead to the present season before the new film programs were unveiled on the network. Twenty Hollywood producers explained what was "different" about their upcoming shows. Few were able to resist hyperbole. "Adult, honest, serious, and authentic stories about people in medicine . . ." one producer promised. Another promised "maturity of theme and treatment . . . a welcome change from programming which excites the emotions but overlooks the mind and soul." A third said his crime series would have "the ring of truth, perform public service, and break new television ground." Then, as now, the "different and unusual" were coming 'round next season's bend. Hour and half-hour—we have tasted the tea and the producers have our sympathy. The now familiar and pedestrian programs range from the inanities of "The Hathaways," in which a man and wife seriously play house with three chimpanzees who are their "children"—to the offensiveness of "Bus Stop," which recently presented a story of "a cocky and arrogant eighteen-year-old who murders in cold blood for the fun of it."

The producer of "Bus Stop" said last summer that his series would deal with "important, contemporary ideas and people" and win back, with good theatre, television's "lost" audience. The series, he continued, "is directed toward a mature audience and will reflect those aspects of maturity which have been so long neglected by a medium which has only to speak to the intelligent to become a greater part of the increasingly sophisticated life of America." In one "Bus Stop" I caught, a homosexual murdered a seven-year-old girl. This is all solemn and serious, as was the essential satire of Lewis Carroll; and yet it is delightfully mad. Are these Mad Hatters in television masters of cynicism or are they insensitive to the absurdities of what they say and what they do?

The point is that in television, as at the Hatter's tea party, we're back at the beginning again; and at that point, the March Hare interrupted Alice, yawning, and said: "Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this." Like every good jest, there's some sadness in it. The fourth member of Alice's adventure in the wood was the Dormouse. He was always asleep, poor creature, and the last time Alice saw him as she left the wood, the March Hare and the Mad Hatter were trying to put the sleepy Dormouse into the teapot. Any resemblance between the Dormouse and 49,000,000 American television homes. . . .

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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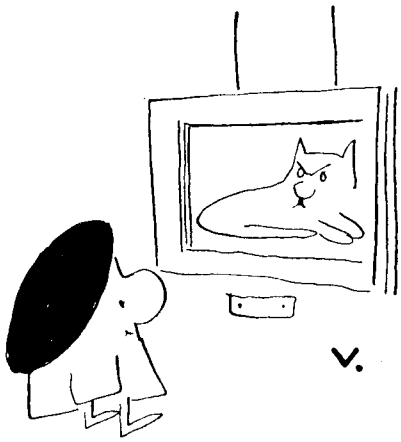
A New Frontier in Art?

WHAT better Christmas gift for contemporary American artists this year than a serious bow of recognition from the White House? Here, where a commendable search for authentic Colonial and post-Colonial objects is taking place, there is danger that the history of American art will stop with the nineteenth century, a situation particularly untimely in light of the international prestige American artists have only recently won. Indeed, now that for the first time our painters and sculptors are widely accepted abroad, it would seem both shortsighted and weak-hearted to deprive them of official recognition at home.

With the influx of American and foreign visitors to the White House and with Mrs. Kennedy's new plans for improved education and information facilities there, this building daily becomes a stronger symbol of our culture. Why should it, then, include only part of our graphic history—and not necessarily the most representative part? The White House has been the home of thirty-four American Presidents, a landmark closely tied to our growth. We cannot deny the fruitful years of such men as Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt, or Wilson and Truman; nor can we overlook the contribution of American artists during the same crucial years, even though their work was often ignored by those very White House residents themselves.

But today the future looks brighter. What gives us revitalized hope is the generous attitude and genuine interest that both of the Kennedys are consistently showing for all of the arts. And this is precisely why we take courage to urge that those works nearest to us in time not be neglected merely because they fail to adapt themselves to earlier architectural and historical codes. We scarcely expect the President and his wife to limit themselves to eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literature, music, and theatre simply because their immediate physical surroundings reflect these years. Carried further, this idea could prove paralyzing to the average European, whose home is apt to date from even earlier days than the White House. For that matter, some of the most interesting private art collections have always broken through time barriers to juxtapose and



combine fine objects from all periods—and I sometimes wonder why many museums hesitate to experiment with similar installations.

Enlightened recognition of contemporary American art by the White House could be especially encouraging today when disturbing budget cuts are crippling or actually destroying certain of our most valuable public art programs overseas. Take, for example, the United States Information Service in France, where recent retrenchments (amounting to pathetically modest savings) have wiped out an excellent exhibition program. During the last nine years, first-rate American art shows have been increasingly well attended by the French, both in Paris and elsewhere throughout the country. Some of the most popular of these (and better propaganda I cannot imagine) were a survey of American Indian art, an exhibition of Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture, and several one-man shows of gifted young Americans. This same agency cooperated in bringing the superb "French Drawings from American Collections" to the Orangerie in 1958, a show that attracted over 200,000 visitors. To discontinue exhibitions of such high quality abroad seems curiously contrary to the spirit of the New Frontier, particularly when the funds slashed are relatively nominal and the audience reached both large and influential.

But to return to the more obvious benefits from a modern art program at the White House. To be effective, it would require neither financial commitments nor unwieldly committees, for no one suggests that this institution act as a talent scout or concern itself with buying in an inflated market. Were it possible to arrange but one small, splendid loan exhibition each year—all works to be selected from museums and private collections by highly trained eyes (different eyes annually)—this single act might have invaluable repercussions. Preferably only master works, already sanctioned as signposts of American art, belong in such a representative exhibition, for the aim would not be controversy but corroboration. Nor would it be necessary to provide a public room of heroic proportions; in this case, numbers have less validity than proven quality. Fifteen or twenty key works by as many artists might suffice each year, not as a survey of modern American art, but as an indication of its power, vitality, and distinguishing national characteristics. That these works should be carefully chosen by knowledgeable

(*Continued on page* 64)

In January Don't Miss:

The Last Works of Henri Matisse at the Art Institute of Chicago. Just about the best exhibition of the year. Organized by New York's Museum of Modern Art and seen first there, this remarkable group of large cut-out gouaches bears witness to the unbounded vitality and invention of a great artist in his old age. Opens January 10.

Van Gogh at the Cleveland Museum. Again, many of Van Gogh's familiar works travel from Holland to impress Americans once more with their power and poignancy. Closes January 14.

Khmer Sculpture. Asia House Gallery in New York has assembled a fine exhibition of Cambodian sculpture, a refined and enigmatic art which flourished almost 1,000 years ago.

Redon, Moreau, and Bresdin at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Of these three nineteenth-century French symbolists, Redon is the most notable but Moreau and Bresdin are extremely interesting counterparts.

Paul Klee. The Arts Club of Chicago has again arranged an exhibition selected only from Chicago collections. This one turns into a splendid survey of Paul Klee, an artist whose luster increases as the years pass. Opens January 16.

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David Lean—"Lawrence of Arabia"

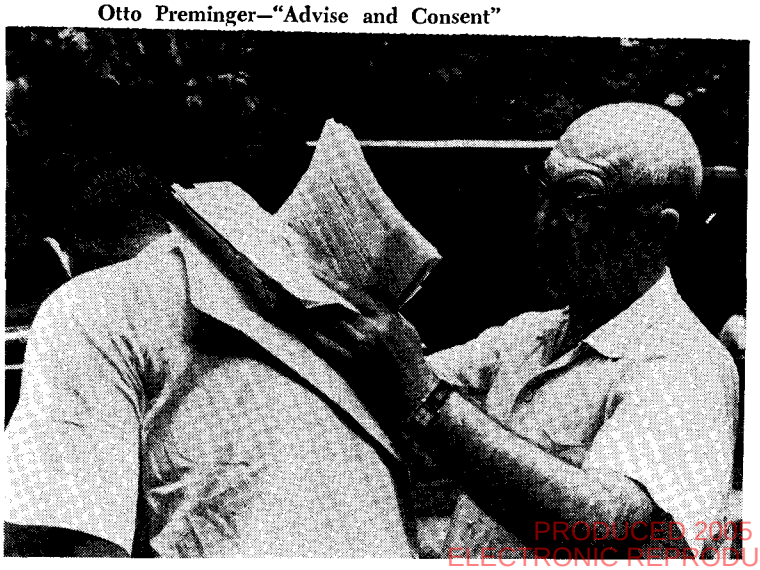
Alain Resnais—"Last Year at Marienbad"

Jack Clayton—"The Innocents"

FILM DIRECTORS AT WORK

Antonioni, Bergman, Clayton, Fellini, Resnais, Wilder, and Wise—these are important names to today's more knowledgeable filmgoer. Stars may dwell in their Swiss corporations and 90 per cent tax brackets, and they can count on Louella and Hedda to chronicle their breathless words, but it must be regrettfully suggested that they are more important to film business than to film making. At their biggest and best they must nevertheless submit to the will of the director, who has emerged as the key figure in the present-day structure of the film industry. A budget of many millions will have an open end should a David Lean wish to spend an extra few months in the blistering heat of the Jordan desert (all to define more clearly his vision of Lawrence of Arabia). George Stevens will be backed for millions of dollars of preparation on "The Greatest Story Ever Told," long before a camera has turned. This is not to say that all those others who contribute talent, craft, and financing to the end product, a completed film negative, have become obsolete, but it is the director who is closest to the heart of the movie matter. More and more frequently he is found collaborating step by step on a script (or writing his own), participating, or going it alone as producer. The best directors, whether the Japanese Kurasawa, the American Kazan, are at their peak both universal and personal. A Bergman can, with confidence, dedicate his new film "to Kabi, my wife." A Resnais can explore his own romantic world of space-time, knowing an audience will patiently follow his researches. In this special film section *SR* focuses on the director's work and ideas. Some of Hollywood's most noted directors participate with Arthur Knight in a symposium on their problems. Cynthia Grenier discusses the intentions and personality of Alain Resnais, whose "Last Year at Marienbad" will be released here soon, as will Bergman's "Through a Glass Darkly." Hollis Alpert reports on his visit to Bergman in Sweden, and records a battery of the gifted director's opinions. The fact that movies can be identified by the names of their directors attests to their influence on the film medium, a circumstance that is all to the good.

Otto Preminger—"Advise and Consent"



Ingmar Bergman—"Through a Glass Darkly"

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SHOP TALK IN HOLLYWOOD

To obtain a cross-section of American directors' views about their own work, the work of their contemporaries abroad, and the problems of American films today, SR recently invited six prominent directors to participate in a panel discussion with SR critic Arthur Knight. An effort was made to obtain different points of view, as well as men with different backgrounds and approaches to the medium. All agreed to speak frankly. The panel included:

JOHN FRANKENHEIMER: *After a long and successful career in television, young Frankenheimer (thirty-one) directed this year "The Young Savages," and has two more films awaiting release, "All Fall Down" and "Birdman of Alcatraz."*

MICHAEL GORDON: *Veteran stage director Michael Gordon's first film efforts included "Another Part of the Forest" and "Cyrano de Bergerac." More recently he has switched to comedy—"Pillow Talk" and the forthcoming "Boys Night Out."*

STANLEY KRAMER: *A producer who turned to directing to protect the integrity of his pictures, Mr. Kramer has championed the screen as an arena for ideas in such works as "On the Beach" and his current "Judgment at Nuremberg."*

OTTO PREMINGER: *A director who turned producer in order to insure himself the utmost independence in the creation of his invariably controversial films, Mr. Preminger has just completed the screen adaption of "Advise and Consent."*

DENIS SANDERS: *As a film student at UCLA, young Sanders (and brother Terry) won international awards for their short, "A Time Out of War." Their first film for a major studio, "War Hunt," will be released in January.*

FRED ZINNEMANN: *After a career that has carried him from the shorts department at M-G-M to such notable films as "High Noon," "The Nun's Story," and "The Sundowners," Mr. Zinnemann is currently at work on an adaptation of "Hawaii."*

The following discussion was arranged and edited from recorded tapes of the session by Mr. Knight.

KNIGHT: We hear a great deal these days about the superiority of pictures made abroad. Do you gentlemen agree?

ZINNEMANN: I don't go along with that at all. I personally believe that this is a generalization of the most superficial kind.

KRAMER: I do feel that superiority. I feel that the foreign film has reflected, to a far greater extent than the American film, the times in which they and we live. I have seen foreign films that I don't believe could have been or would have been made under the American scheme of production. The reasons may be economic; but I'm impressed with how much they have taken the responsibility for reflecting our times, and for enabling us to understand, at least in part, those things about which they are thinking in this rather chaotic age. There is a youth movement over there, whether called *nouvelle vague* or "angry young men," that I just don't find here. They reflect the social strata, the problems of today, in terms of individuals. Films like "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "La Dolce Vita" set up vibrations within me, and frankly make me envious of their approach.

FRANKENHEIMER: I agree with Mr. Kramer. In addition, I think that European films have influenced American films, and are influencing them more and more. Sociologically, they come forth and state the problems of the countries in which they are made much more forthrightly and honestly than most American films do.

PREMINGER: I agree with Mr. Zinnemann that this whole basic generalization is wrong and superficial. Why erect these artificial barriers and walls and say American pictures and European pictures? There are no American pictures. There are no American and European films. If we consider directing an artistic profession, then isn't the first idea of art to be international? Also, I can't understand why Mr. Kramer, who did "On the Beach," admires "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" that much. Or take "La Dolce Vita." Years ago, Willie Wyler made "The Best Years of Our Lives," which was much truer and much better. "La

Otto Preminger Denis Sanders Fred Zinnemann

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Dolce Vita" undoubtedly has many great scenes, and was written and directed by a very talented man, but it is an uneven film. One of the reasons that these foreign films have such success here, particularly with the critics, is that the dialogue is not understandable to us. How can you judge a picture like "La Dolce Vita" from the subtitles? Now, the Europeans admire American pictures. Every director and every critic of the *nouvelle vague* admires Zinnemann, and Willie Wyler, and Stanley Kramer, and Nicholas Ray to a much greater degree than they are admired by the critics here. It is only we here, and particularly our press, that admires everything that comes from this *nouvelle vague.* What our critics seem to admire most is their shortcomings. They call them the characteristics of art. And what they seem to resent particularly about the pictures made here is that, for better or worse, they are always professional. I object to that.

GORDON: I agree very largely with what Mr. Preminger says. American critics, and a lot of the intelligentsia interested in films, are the victims of a faulty syllogism. They say they find Hollywood films inane, and they equate Hollywood with polished productions. Ergo, everything that is unfinished, slapdash, or inchoate is good. I also agree with Otto that we are not as perceptive of the untruths and the shallowness of films not in our own language as we are of pictures made here.

KNIGHT: In other words, the one thing the Europeans have going for them is the subtitles?

PREMINGER: Sure. Maybe if I sent you the Italian dubbed version of my "St. Joan," you'd like it better.

KNIGHT: One thing that we have noted in so many of the foreign films is that the director is often, quite literally, the author of his picture. Why is this so rare here?

PREMINGER: This is also a distinction that I don't recognize. The people in Europe also buy books. Their pictures are not all based on original ideas. But I don't think it matters if a picture is based on a play, or a novel, or on an original story, or whether the director wrote the whole story himself. Part of the function of the man who makes the picture, whether you call him producer, or director, or producer-director, is that he directs the writer. I have never met a writer, no matter how experienced, who could really write a screenplay by himself that could be put on the screen. The director has to work with the writer, so it doesn't matter where the material comes from.

GORDON: I think it has always been true, even in the halcyon days of Hollywood, that an astonishingly small percentage of our stories came from original material. I might add that today, when you have a more selective market, it is far more difficult to find financial support for an untried product than ever before. Nevertheless, a great deal is developed from scratch even now.

KNIGHT: Then let me ask, would you gentlemen rather work on your own ideas, or be dependent on the adaptation of somebody else's play, novel, or teleplay?

ZINNEMANN: I don't feel there should be any hard and fast rules about that. Sometimes you find an adaptation that is tremendously exciting, and you want to do it. Or sometimes you come across an original idea that impresses you, and you do that.

PREMINGER: In spite of the fact that it's American, one of the best pictures ever made is "Gone With the Wind." It was also a novel.

ZINNEMANN: I would like to question the whole concept of what is the best. If we assume that the motion picture is potentially an art, let's be bold for a moment and compare it with music. Who is to say what are the ten best pieces of music? Why is it necessary to always have that kind of comparison? Isn't it enough for a picture simply to be a great picture?

PREMINGER: I'm not against great pictures. I'm only against the generalization that all European pictures are suddenly so great. And that they are done with more integrity than American pictures. And that they are not designed for popular success.

SANDERS: We might try the subject of what we hate in films.

PREMINGER: Louella Parsons would say that you're trying to bite the goose that laid the golden egg. You're not supposed to hate anything.

FRANKENHEIMER: And that's what I think is the matter with American pictures. You're not supposed to hate anything. There are too few pictures made here that do hate anything, that do have a point of view.

KNIGHT: Mr. Preminger, I dare say that anything you or Mr. Kramer took to U.A. or Columbia for financing would be approved—with some qualms, perhaps, but both of you have a good track record of successes. What about Denis Sanders, who does not?

SANDERS: Actually, the picture that I just completed for U.A. was the first I submitted to them. But there are many subjects that you just couldn't conceivably go to a distributor with. You know ahead of time that he's not going to say yes to it. For example, Warren Miller's "The Cool World" is a story that I wanted to make. I even submitted it to a few people outside the industry, trying to get production money. The reasons that I couldn't get any major distribution or financing agreement on a picture of this sort are because it is all about Negroes, and everybody thinks we've had it with gangs.

PREMINGER: You can't blame these people who have the

Michael Gordon John Frankenheimer Stanley Kramer

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responsibility for money when they use their own judgment.

KNIGHT: Gentlemen, just how independent is the American independent producer-director today?

ZINNEMANN: I think that most of us are quite independent in our choice of subject matter. If the companies feel it is a commercial gamble, they may go along reluctantly, but in most cases they can be persuaded. Speaking for myself, I don't have too many controls, and I can do pretty much what I would like to do—until I make two bad pictures in a row. Then I'll have to start from scratch again.

SANDERS: I must say, I had a very pleasurable experience on "War Hunt." Once the people at U.A. said yes to the script, they hardly cared who I cast in it, since it was low-budget anyway. I had no interference really until after the picture was made. When they saw the release print, they wanted an additional scene and one deletion. In both cases, I felt they were right, that their suggestions actually helped the picture.

KRAMER: But as Fred just mentioned, if a couple of pictures don't go well, there is a little lack if warmth on those occasional visits to the home offices in New York. For me, this occurs periodically, almost like a barometer. What Denis must remember, however, is that the script is the base of the whole operation. If his financial backers put their heavy hands on that, he is in trouble from the very start. I don't envy Denis if his relationship to them is that once the script is OK'd, he will have carte blanche. U.A. has been the greatest single operation for the independent producers through the years, but this will continue only so long as they have the courage to give complete independence to the film makers. The people who finance pictures, you see, simply don't know the answers quite as well as we who make them—and even we certainly don't know all the answers. I think this so-called gamble on talent is the safest kind of gambling they could possibly do. For if we don't have the right answers often enough, we must quietly steal away, but they go on and on.

PREMINGER: The situation is not bad at all. What the two main distributors for independents have learned to do is to bet in people. Once they know a man's record, they really leave him alone. All they want to know is what the picture is about, and how much it will cost. They are resigned to the fact that whatever you say it will cost, it will cost more. They take the whole financial responsibility, while we only contribute our time and our talent. Of course, this is what creates the picture. But in case a picture fails, it is easier for us to survive than it is for them. We may go hungry, but they can go out of business.

KNIGHT: I am delighted, of course, but somewhat surprised to find myself in the midst of a group of directors who have no sense of frustration whatsoever.

PREMINGER: It may be a bit difficult for a new man to come in; but if he can give these people at U.A. or Columbia, or very soon at M-G-M and Fox, the feeling that audiences everywhere would be interested in his idea, they'll take a chance. Unlike a critic, they cannot judge pictures by their personal likes and dislikes, or by completely intellectual standards. They have to judge whether they will get their money back. I think they do it rather liberally and very well, and that is why there is no reason for frustration. It's rather disappointing, but it's true.

GORDON: The nature of independence, though, is more complex than whether some boss is saying you can do this but you can't do that. A German philosopher once wrote, "Free will is the recognition of necessity." The imperatives that all responsible people making movies recognize go far beyond "artistic integrity." No matter how strong your convictions on how a scene should be staged, or how a part should be cast, you would have to be fairly irresponsible to ignore the fact that your picture is costing somebody two or three million dollars. It doesn't make you more of an artist, it doesn't give you more integrity, to thumb your nose at the people whose investment is at stake. Instead, you function creatively and with integrity within the frame of reference of a business enterprise. Your responsibilities are commensurate with those of a corporate executive who is handling the money of his stockholders. With all the integrity in the world, one of his responsibilities is to make money for his company.

KNIGHT: We are again hearing prophecies that film production will move to New York. Do any of you believe this?

PREMINGER: I don't think that film production has to move anyplace. Film production should be done all over the world, wherever a picture should be made. This is something that Hollywood still has to learn.

KNIGHT: Then Hollywood is doomed?

PREMINGER: I don't say Hollywood is doomed. There are good studios and good technicians here, and many people who will and do want to make pictures here. But it should not be regimented. I'm against laws and government subsidies to make pictures here. Fifty years ago, there was no film production here. Why does Hollywood insist that this is the only place where pictures can be made?

ZINNEMANN: You can't make a hard and fast rule about why you leave a studio and make a picture abroad. I would say, in my case, that it was largely accidental. My last two pictures had to be made on the spot. But if the subject matter lends itself to being photographed here, I'm perfectly happy.

FRANKENHEIMER: If you want to use sets, there is no finer place to shoot interiors than right here. Hollywood has the finest people to make them, and the finest technicians to work with. A picture should be shot where it can be done best artistically.

KNIGHT: What you are saying, then, is that Hollywood might remain as a convenience, a good place to shoot interiors?

PREMINGER: It's a studio, what else? What is this new patriotism about Hollywood? It's a studio that has some good technicians, and many old technicians who won't allow anyone new to join their unions. I think that a much greater danger than this so-called runaway production to Hollywood today is the danger of becoming obsolete because young people are practically excluded from work. It is absolutely impossible for anybody to be admitted to the cameramen's union, or the cutters' union, without waiting for years. It is impossible to become an assistant director. The people in Hollywood can only save Hollywood by making it more productive, by having a more positive approach, by competing with the outside world, by opening up this industry to young people, by making Hollywood a place that creative people would want to come to—not by lobbying in Congress for laws saying that pictures should only be made in Hollywood.

KRAMER: I think that Hollywood producers or directors would prefer to go to the actual scene of the action if it were not for the discouragement of people who cite everything from economics to un-Americanism as reasons for going abroad to make a film. The fact is, we put our own ceiling on our economic potentialities by creating artificial limitations for our art, such as letting considerations other than story determine where we are going to work.

PREMINGER: Nobody has at the moment the right to tell anybody in this country what movies to make, or where he must make them. And I hope they never will. This right of free expression is the one thing that we have that distinguishes us from the totalitarian countries. We must defend it.

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Explorations in the Unconscious

By CYNTHIA GRENIER

ALAIN RESNAIS, a quiet and seemingly austere man, is discreetly savoring his current triumph as France's most celebrated moviemaker, the result of his passionately intellectual, passionately romantic film, "Last Year at Marienbad," which is fascinating Parisian critics and moviegoers alike. The pleasures of success are all the sweeter since Resnais, co-author Alain Robbe-Grillet, and producers Raymond Froment and Pierre Coureau saw their beautiful black-and-white Cinemascope film rejected by each and every French movie distributor as being "too difficult" and "too limited in appeal" for the public—until the day last August when "Marienbad" was awarded the Great Golden Lion of the Venice Film Festival.

Snapped up the next morning by the Paris distributor who handles Ingmar Bergman and Michaelangelo Antonioni, the ninety-minute film opened a few weeks later at the small, smart Studio Publicis on the Champs-Elysées, and within days broke all attendance records for the house, well outdrawing both Antonioni and Bergman. Papers and magazines from the extreme right to the extreme left devoted more space to "Marienbad" than to any other motion picture in at least twenty years. Moviegoers queued up in the rain for hours along the Champs-Elysées to get in for a look at the film that distributors had decided only a few months earlier was too difficult for the average moviegoer.

"Marienbad," as critic Jean de Baroncelli, the Bosley Crowther of France, observed, represents in moviemaking what "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" of Picasso does in the history of painting. It is the first cubist film. Traditional plot is out, although the use of a story is not completely suppressed. "Marienbad" takes the elements of that basic French form, the triangle, and presents them in a series of brilliant refractions. "What we were trying to do," Resnais explains, "was to find the means of tapping the collective unconscious of the moviegoing public." To this end, Resnais has made wide use of the classic trappings of our modern mental world, "the tried and true psychological and psychoanalytic themes": fear in the face of the unknown, rape as a ritualistic act, endless corridors, multiple closed doors, huge staircases, games with fixed rules.

Although Resnais and Robbe-Grillet blocked out "Marienbad" with cool, intellectual thoroughness, they both brought to it an intense and persuasive romantic feeling which, fundamentally, is responsible for hooking the public the way it has. Interestingly enough, the only people resistant to the film—and there are a few who are baffled and infuriated by it—seem to be those whose sense of the romantic is rather wanting.

Resnais's tremendous adulation by press and public has resulted not unnaturally in a desire to know everything possible about the new hero of the hour. This desire has been politely but totally frustrated by Resnais himself, who with considerable charm told the press that he was not a movie star but a movie director, and therefore saw no reason for indulging in personal publicity. Predictably, the French press promptly turned Resnais into a man of mystery ("Not even his best friends know where he lives or whether he is married or not," said *Paris-Match*).

Resnais is more amused than annoyed by the inventions and claims. "It makes it easier to go my own way, doesn't it?" says the tall, blond, youthful-looking director with a grin. Actually, so long as he is not faced with direct personal questions, Resnais will talk pleasantly and articulately about his work and his ideas.

Alain Resnais with Delphine Seyrig, star of "Marienbad."

Born some forty years ago in Brittany to a pharmacist and his wife, Resnais, unlike the New Wave directors with whom he first came to fame a few years ago with "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," didn't find success either fast or easily. Film as a medium fascinated Resnais from the time he was a child; although at first, when he went to Paris in his late teens, he tried becoming an actor. Finding little success in this field, he enrolled in IDHEC, the French film school, but had to leave after a year and a half when he ran out of money. To earn a living, he worked as a film editor, getting a more thorough knowledge of film rhythms and their significance than almost any other director in the world today. This early training does much to explain why Resnais's films have such an extraordinary sense of movement and timing.

ALTHOUGH Resnais didn't succeed in being commissioned to make a short film until 1948—it turned out to be "Van Gogh"—he made a number of 16mm short films on his own. "I still have them in one of my closets," says Resnais. "I like to think that one day I'll add sound to them, edit them, and see what they look like now." A childhood playmate, the actress Simone Signoret, recollects that back about 1942 Resnais put her—along with Gérard Philippe, Daniel Gelin, and Danièle Delorme when they were all struggling young actors living under the Occupation—into one of these 16mm films. "None of us knew what the movie was about," says Miss Signoret. "I remember Alain making me wear glasses and sit in a chair, rocking back and forth." Resnais says this film was actually a kind of rough sketch for "Marienbad." "I've often been struck," he says, "by the way people stand about on the sidewalks, or indoors, by themselves—the gestures they make, the way they act. They look very strange indeed. Have you never noticed? Well, this was what I was trying to show in my early film, and what in part I wanted to do in "Marienbad" as well. At first, on seeing people act the way they do in my film, the spectator may think them unreal. Then, when the spectator starts to think about it, he'll realize he's seen the same thing himself, many times—every day, in fact."

Resnais is something of an odd fish for the movie business, having much more the manner and bearing of a dedicated man of letters, or perhaps a physicist, than the usual moviemaker.

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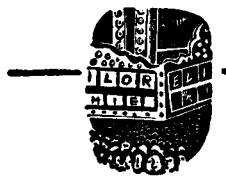
He virtually radiates a sense of integrity, principle, and purpose, without, fortunately, any of the slightly negative qualities those virtues could possibly provoke. On the sound stage, he is quietly organized, working with his technicians and actors in a rare, low-voiced, sweet-tempered atmosphere.

At the same time, Resnais does share some of the curious and rather wacky tastes of the "Cahiers du Cinema" gang, most of whose editors are New Wave lights such as Francois Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard. Like them, Resnais thinks Howard Hawks, Fritz Lang, and Alfred Hitchcock can do no wrong, and that they are, in fact, among the world's great directors. He is even a passionate admirer of the American musical comedy, and has said he would like to make a musical himself, except that France lacks the likes of producer Arthur Freed. "My admiration," he says when asked his favorite director, "is Hitchcock. No one can surpass him in the handling of actors."

Resnais is by no means finished with his tapping of the public unconscious. He is preparing a new film—in cinemascope and color—entitled "The Fantastic Adventures of Harry Dickson." (Harry Dickson, a character created by the Belgian writer Jean Rayne, was a kind of early twentieth-century combination of Robin Hood and Sherlock Holmes whose adventures appeared each week in French and Belgian illustrated papers.) Having found he can reach audiences by offering them a love story with powerful evocations of romance, Resnais now wants to experiment with reaching them through their sense of adventure. He finds Dickson's fantastic adventures not unrelated to what goes on today in many comic strips, of which he is a great admirer. "What I know about the cinema, I've learned as much through comic strips as through seeing movies. The rules for cutting and editing are the same in the comics as in the cinema. Long before the cinema, comics used 'scope' and color—comic strip artists know how to use it for dramatic purposes," says Resnais.

What Resnais will do next, and just where his experiments with the moviegoers' unconscious will lead, is thoroughly unpredictable. Renais himself refuses to speculate, saying, "There are so many films I want to make, of so many kinds." But, judging by "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," which established him as one of the finest moviemakers of the decade, and "Last Year at Marienbad," which established him as one of the most provocative moviemakers of the age, it seems reasonable that the moviegoer and critic can count on a lot of treats from Monsieur Resnais.



Innocents Abroad

Deborah Kerr—haunted governess.

IT SEEMS particularly appropriate that in this issue of *SR*, with its accent on film directors, we can signal the work of a relative newcomer to the directorial chair. In filmland's hierarchy, Jack Clayton would appear to have taken a step backward. After a long and fairly successful career first as associate producer, then as producer of pictures like "Moulin Rouge," "Beat the Devil," "I Am a Camera," and "The Story of Esther Costello," he directed the notable short subject, "The Bespoke Overcoat." Despite its many, if modest, virtues, few were prepared for the skill and maturity he displayed in his first feature effort, "Room at the Top." But even that excellent film, for all its international awards, proves an inadequate preparation for the sure, deft superbly cinematic hand revealed in his second feature, **"The Innocents,"** based on William Archibald's dramatization of Henry James's "Turn of the Screw." From producer to director, at least the way Jack Clayton has done it, is not a step backward, but upward.

"The Turn of the Screw" is, of course, a rare masterpiece of horror writing that builds its effects through a cunning series of intangible strokes. Taken singly, they are innocent, even meaningless. Together, they serve to create a mystery that continues to intrigue readers to this day, more than sixty years after the book was written. Were the children of Bly House actually bewitched, the projection of dread spirits from beyond the grave? Or was it Miss Giddens, their governess, driven by her own fears and imaginings, who forced upon them the terrors that ended in tragedy?

Although Henry James offered no clue, William Archibald—like Truman Capote, who prepared with him the brilliant script—clearly leans toward the latter explanation. This may not be pure James (which may be one reason why Archibald changed the title), but it is the only significant departure from the original; and it has the important advantage of providing the director with a point of view. It might even be argued that every reader of "The Turn of the Screw" attempts to find his own solution, and surely the adapters should be no less privileged. And if at times the children in the film sound more like little Miss Bobbit than like Henry James, this is all right too. Certainly, no other writer can make precocity sound quite so sinister as Truman Capote, nor so convincing.

But the real hero of this exceedingly filmic adaptation of the novel remains Jack Clayton. Like James, he has mastered the art of subtlety. As his camera travels the shadowy stairs and corridors of Bly House, or wanders through its well-tended gardens, menace seems to hover just beyond the edges of the screen. Baroque, twisted statuary impinges on scene after scene, adding what appears to be merely a note of grotesquerie—until, in the final scene of horror, Peter Quint is discovered standing on one of the pedestals. It is a somber story, and Clayton has staged it against grays and blacks that serve as a constant, half-audible reminder of the dark forces at work; while the characters themselves—the innocents—are picked out against these backgrounds with strongly modeled white light. Clayton has discovered and developed a style wholly appropriate to his material.

More than that, he has been no less successful in handling his small but admirable cast. Not for a moment do the two children, Martin Stephens and Pamela Franklin, falter in their long and difficult roles. They are like hothouse flowers—too perfect, too beautiful, in imminent danger of spoiling. And when the spoil shows through, as when little Miles kisses his governess on the lips with an adult passion, the effect is horrifying. Megs Jenkins is properly sympathetic as Mrs. Grose, never quite understanding all that is going on, but radiating warmth, tenderness, and pity. The brief part of the uncle is played with such assur-

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ance by Michael Redgrave that one keeps waiting for his reappearance later in the picture. (It never comes.) As for Miss Giddens, Deborah Kerr deftly touches in every aspect of this pivotal character—her unworldliness, her piety, her love for the children, and her deep-seated fears. It is no coincidence that 20th Century-Fox is rushing the picture into distribution in time for Academy Award nominations. They see, and quite rightly, the possibilities of an Oscar for Miss Kerr.

"The Innocents," made in England, points up again the growing artistry of a new generation of film makers abroad. Final mention, however, is reserved for the work of one of the older generation—for the superbly effective, wholly evocative score supplied by Georges Auric. It puts the final polish to this perfect gem.

Another nice thing about "The Innocents" is that it runs considerably under two hours. It may be churlish of me, but I am seriously considering a mutiny at the bounty of some producers who insist that their pictures are important enough to hold audiences for three or four hours. Samuel Bronston's production of **"El Cid"** is a good case in point. Its three hours have an abundance of action, but also an abundance of stage waits—meaningless shots that, cumulatively, make the picture seem longer, heavier, and duller than it really is. Characters seem to take forever getting from one end of a room to the other before making a speech. There are even long, awkward pauses between the speeches, and they are not pauses that refresh.

Being unprepared to comment on the historic accuracy of "El Cid's" depiction of events in Spain at the end of the eleventh century, I can only say that within the film itself I found considerable confusion about who was doing what to whom, and where—a confusion compounded by a script that leaped nimbly across years and distances, and seemed to dare the audience to try and follow. Apart from that, Charlton Heston presented a fine figure of a man in the title role, Sophia Loren an equally fine figure of a woman as his bride; and, except for Genevieve Page, everyone else's acting abilities were partially concealed behind beards and burnooses. It is only fair to add that Anthony Mann's direction contained subtleties rarely found in this genre, as did Robert Krasker's color camerawork; and that Yakima Canutt, in charge of the second unit, produced combat shots that compare favorably in action and gore with those in any six superspectaculars you might care to name. Chances are, Canutt did those as well. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

INGMAR BERGMAN OF SWEDEN

Style Is the Director

By HOLLIS ALPERT

NOT long ago the executive vice president in charge of production for one of Hollywood's major studios made a trip to Sweden for the express purpose of interesting Ingmar Bergman in directing a motion picture for his studio. After discussing Picasso at great length, perhaps with the notion of impressing the Swedish director with his broad cultural background, the executive made his offer. Bergman would be given a handsome budget, and there would of course be the magnificent studio facilities (by Swedish standards) to be taken advantage of. And, said the executive emphatically, he would be given complete artistic freedom. "Would the picture be shown exactly as I cut it?" Bergman asked.

It was at this point that the executive hedged. It was a long-standing tradition in Hollywood that the studio made the determination on what represented a final print, not to mention the fact that certain union rules prevented granting such a privilege. Bergman explained that in Sweden *he* made the final cut on all his pictures, in addition to which he found it very comfortable to work in his own country. Why, then, should he leave? The executive mentioned money, upon which Bergman proceeded to out-Shaw G.B.S. by implying he was more interested in art.

This story was told to me, with certain variations, by several Svensk Filmindustri people during a recent visit I made to Sweden. They took obvious pride in the fact that their bright directorial star, Bergman, preferred to work at home, and had so far successfully resisted the blandishments of producers in several other countries. "The mountains of scripts that come in all year long," said Bergman's assistant, a former dancer and dance director. "He couldn't possibly find time to read them. Besides, he has far too many ideas of his own."

The Swedish film industry is small, but it has suffered the familiar television anguish in recent years. Sets per capita are almost as numerous as in England, but audiences have dropped 40 per cent during the past five years. High taxes make a further inroad on film revenues, and were it not for Ingmar Bergman's spectacular success abroad, Svensk Filmindustri, the largest of four Swedish producing firms, might be sorely beset indeed. Bergman's loyalty is thus highly appreciated. And, at the same time, Bergman owes much to Svensk Filmindustri, particularly to the late Dr. Carl Anders Dymling, who, until his death last year, was the head of the company.

Back in the early 1940s Dr. Dymling attempted to reverse the artistic decline of Swedish film-making by actively encouraging younger talents. Arne Sucksdorff was encouraged to pursue his documentary bent; Alf Sjoberg was given the opportunity to make films like "Torment" and "Miss Julie"; and a young theatre director and writer, Ingmar Bergman, was made Sjoberg's apprentice. It should be mentioned, too, that the famous actor and director of an earlier period, Victor Sjostrom, served at the time in an advisory capacity for the company. It can be seen, then, that Bergman emerged from well-fertilized ground. And he was carefully nurtured by Dymling through several temperamental storms, as well as through domestic difficulties that resulted in four marriages. (His latest, to an Estonian concert pianist, is said to be idyllic.)

Birger Juberg, the present head of the company, stressed to me Bergman's position now as the acknowledged creative fount of Swedish film-making. "But our great ambition," he said, is to be more than a one-man industry. In this regard, no one is helping more than Bergman himself." He went on to reveal that many of Bergman's fifteen daily working hours are spent in helping other film writers and directors. Bergman admitted this new side of his multifarious activities when I saw him. "I find it gratifying," he said, "when young people want to come to me and call on what experience I have had. Sometimes I hope they will obey what I tell them, and sometimes I hope not. The important thing is to take care of our Swedish film tradition and try to prolong it."

Kenne Fant, a thirty-nine-year-old producer and director, scheduled to head Svensk Filmindustri production in 1963, was less cautious in assessing the kind of help Bergman was giving others. "He has a knack for immediately finding solutions," he said. "He can sit down with a writer, and within an hour of discussion reveal the basic skeleton

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of his story, suggest which characters should dominate, and transform an essentially literary or theatrical idea into one suitable for film."

The theatrical tradition is strong in Sweden, and for a long, dry period it dominated film making, too, with a consequent sterility in the form. Bergman had to find his own way from theatricalism to a purer and more and more simplified film style, to give, as one Swedish film authority puts it, "visible form to the inner conflicts of human beings in a genuine cinematic language." That this is his direction is made clear by "Through a Glass Darkly," which had its premiere while I was in Stockholm. The local reviews were rapturous, as they deserved to be. Confining himself to four actors in a simple island setting, he has achieved more emotional force than with any of his previous efforts. A sensitive young woman's breakdown into schizophrenia, the effect of the illness on her husband, brother, and father—this proves material enough for a strong motion picture experience. The clarity of realization of both substance and form shows Bergman to be at his peak.

Bergman's workshop is Filmstaden, a studio near Stockholm that is somewhat small by Hollywood standards, but pleasantly modern and well-equipped. It has three large and three smaller sound-stages, and its various facilities are centralized within a complex of red brick buildings. Film unions in Sweden are not as restrictive as here, and this results in small but efficient crews. A Bergman film seldom requires more than a total work force of eighteen, exclusive of actors. A top star in a Swedish film might earn as much as $5,000 per picture. No wonder, then, that Bergman's budgets are kept within a $150,000 to $200,000 range. He almost never takes more than thirty-five days of shooting time, although an exception is being made for "The Communicants," another film that will carry on the direct, personal style he now adheres to. Only two hours of daylight will be available for each day of the location filming in central Sweden.

Bergman is practical enough to gear himself to sums that can be reasonably expected to be returned by the Scandinavian market. "My films are made," he said, "in such a way that they will insure our getting the money back in this area." Insurance, security—these seem to be important words for him; they help give him the confidence he needs to continue in his own way.

If Bergman's actors are not paid according to Hollywood standards, they do get from him a very special kind of consideration. He likes actors and sympathizes with their problems. "He regards them," said Kenne Fant, "not only as his family while making the film with them, but as instruments through which emotions and ideas are conveyed." It may be of interest to know that actors like Max Von Sydow, Gunnar Bjornstrand, and Harriet Andersson don't consider themselves part of the "stock company" often referred to outside of Sweden. Accomplished on stage as well as in film, they move easily from one medium to the other. "Those of us who work with him often," said Von Sydow with a smile, "consider ourselves his staff."

Work on the set halts every day at three, when Bergman gathers his principal actors together and sits down with them for tea. It is an intimate moment for director and cast, a closed circle to which no one else is privy. The talk is not about the film in progress, for by that time they share so thorough an understanding of the script that further explanations are seldom necessary. His actors speak of an intuitive feeling that develops between them and Bergman, and on the set there is very little "direction" from him as such. His actors also say his temperament has "improved" since his marriage to his wife, Kabi. Nor, on the set, does one observe any temperament in the actors. The atmosphere is calm, friendly, professional, quiet even between takes. There is no assistant director to yell everyone into silence.

Unwittingly, while on a visit to the studio, I usurped the actors' tea break with him. He was in a mood to chat, and took me to the studio restaurant, where we were served large cups of tea and sweet biscuits. His remarks are given in full, and I have edited them only to the extent of lumping them under various headings.

ON HIS FILMS: "I hope it doesn't seem like self-advertising if I tell you that 'Through a Glass Darkly' is the most personal work I have done. Because of it I now feel closer to the solutions I am looking for in the movies I make. The solutions I keep seeking for are of three natures: technical, formal, and esthetic, but the object being always to come closer and closer to the human beings of the stories. In 'Through a Glass Darkly,' because of the concentration on just four people, I found a new and exciting experience, and I think a new direction for myself. Formerly 'Illicit Interlude' was the movie I felt closest and warmest toward, and I feel close to the new one in much the same way.

" 'The Devil's Eye' was a sort of joke. I felt tired, and rather in a bad mood after 'The Virgin Spring,' and for me, because I sometimes think of such things in musical terms, it was a rondo capricioso. Since I could find no Irish proverb with which to introduce the film, I made one up. I am well acquainted with Shaw's 'Don Juan in Hell,' but it seemed to me there was room for another version. I also enjoyed the chance of allowing Don Juan to tell his own version of his descent into hell, without assistance from Mozart.

" 'Brink of Life' was a special case. It was not my own story, and I did it for what might be called professional reasons. That is, I had to get away for a while from what I, personally, was thinking, feeling, and making. I wanted, in other words, to test my directorial imagination. I spent a long time looking for the right story, and found it in one of six pages that Ulla Isakssen sent me from a volume of stories. I researched in a hospital for a long time before starting the film, because it seemed to me very important to make it absolutely pure. It was a difficult job, and really more in the nature of a study.

"I know there has been talk of a stigmata symbol in that scene in 'Wild Strawberries,' when the old man catches his palm on a nail, and, while I don't necessarily argue with the interpretation, I can say that the symbolism, if it exists, was not meant consciously. I consciously did mean to express something else: for me, the most painful of accidents is hurting my hands, and so it seemed to me that when the old man hurt his hand it was a great pain for him, and a prelude to the painful trial he will then undergo in the remainder of the nightmare. As for the scene at the end of the picture, the one in which the old man views his parents in that idyllic, nostalgic moment, it was meant only to say that we go away from our parents and then back to our parents. Suddenly one understands them, recognizes them as human beings, and in that moment one has grown up.

"In 'The Virgin Spring' the welling up of the spring was not meant as simply the tidy expression of a religious miracle. The spring was the medieval symbol for the water of the feelings. I didn't see how it was possible to allow the picture to end without the spring, for if the father had merely gone home, and there had been a great silence, there would have been no release for the feelings of the people of the story, nor for those of the audience. I have heard, by the way, of the American censoring of the rape scene, but I try never to think about it, for it would disturb me too much. We have film censorship in Sweden, but it is a rather lenient one, in that a particular scene is judged within the context of a whole sequence, or the whole film. I can only handle censorship here, however. It's

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impossible for me to look after my picture in all countries."

ON OTHER DIRECTORS: "One of the greatest of all is certainly Japan's Kurasawa, but the one I feel closest to in spirit is Fellini. His 'La Dolce Vita' seemed to me very fine, very exciting. I admire 'Hiroshima, Mon Amour,' find it enormously interesting, but with no bearing whatsoever on what I am trying to do. As for the Americans, Hitchcock most of all. He has taught me so much. What he does is always precise, done with professional expertness, and at the same time he is always experimenting. Oh, I like him! Another who I consider one of my teachers was Victor Sjostrom, when he was directing films. Karl Dreyer, the Danish director, has never been an influence. I find myself very remote from him and, in fact, his films have never touched me."

ON THE WRITING OF SCRIPTS: "I spend approximately a year on each script that I do. First of all, I write much more than I can use, and after the draft is finished I cut and cut, until everything is cut away except what seems essential. I do the writing either at my villa near Stockholm or at our country place in Dalarna (central Sweden), rising early, usually by five-thirty or six. The writing is done in longhand, and typed up for me afterward.

"I would probably go mad if I had to write a script as they are usually done—that is, putting in long shots, close-ups, and other camera directions. Technical notations in a script are unnecessary, at least for me. It would be boring for everyone, including the actors, to have a script full of such details. All of us who work on the film have a communal feeling about the story, and we know what we have to do. The entire script is discussed in advance with my photographer, and we achieve a rapport, which lasts throughout the shooting. I should mention that there is another kind of detail that I find helpful to include in a script—sensory details, even odors, anything that will help suggest the mood.

"I was hesitant about publishing four of my screenplays in book form, mainly because it seems to me difficult for the general reader to appreciate a work which is not so much literary as a kind of score for the director, the photographer, and the actors."

ON FILM FORM: "Film, as a medium, I don't find as healthful as the theatre, where you aren't nearly as alone, and where there is that wonderful, alive essence renewing itself again and again. If I had to choose one over the other I am sure I would choose the theatre, which has so many dimensions, one of the most important being that sudden meeting of the actor's expression and the audience's feeling. In film one has perhaps a more marvelous vision, but before it can reach an audience it must be translated through the clumsy apparatus of the film studio.

"I find it easier to compare film not to the theatre, or the novel, but to music. In fact, I think of film and music as equals of a sort. In pure film and pure music there is feeling that goes directly to some deeper level of the listener or viewer, and only afterward is it possible to analyze the experience. Not that music and film are the same. Film has its own rhythms, its own manner of pulsation. Yet, I find myself adding less and less music to my films, perhaps because it seems a little to me like adding music to music. The practice of adding a musical score to a film after it has been made—I don't see that at all. I have heard that a musical score can sometimes 'save' a movie, by producing emotions that the film itself hasn't produced. For me, it would only make matters worse. In the case of 'Through a Glass Darkly,' I used a few minutes of a Bach sarabande, but more for mood-setting, I would say. And the same purpose was behind the playing of a Scarlatti sonata in 'The Devil's Eye.' It was my wife who played it, on the cymbala."

FUTURE PLANS: "I have no intention of leaving Sweden, although I have sometimes considered the notion of working abroad. What worries me most about leaving Sweden is the loss of artistic control one might encounter. When I toured with a Swedish dramatic troupe I met David Lean, the British director, in London. He asked me about the people who worked on the films with me, and I told him I worked with eighteen friends. 'Sometimes,' he replied, 'I think I work with ninety enemies.' I have grown up in Sweden, I have my roots here, and I am never frustrated here. It is a very safe and good milieu I work in. I would enjoy visiting the United States, but not to make a film. What would appeal to me most would be to bring a company of Swedish actors to perform some plays.

"After finishing 'The Communicants' and one other film I have in mind, I hope to stop everything for a while. In 1963 I plan to make a journey with my wife, Kabi. We want to study Bach together in a thorough and concentrated way. It's the thing we have most wanted to do since meeting each other. Music has always been important to me privately, and to my work. Will I do something with the material I may gather? I don't know. Perhaps I will write something. . . ."

THE talk ended at this point, because a messenger arrived from the set to inform Bergman that all was ready for the next scene. He beckoned me to come with him, and I went with the thin, slightly stooped man, who wore a windbreaker and a woolen cap. The set was the interior of a small Gothic church, complete with ceiling, nave, and fifteenth-century replicas. Waiting for him were Gunnar Bjornstrand, Ingrid Thulin, Max Von Sydow, and Gunnel Lindbloom, all familiar to me from other Bergman films. Quietly, deftly, using his long hands seemingly as much as words, Bergman indicated what he wanted in the scene. Organ music was heard. A take was made, and another. Bergman came over to me with a grin. He indicated with a sweep of his hand the five or six workmen who were on the set.

"It is a little like making home movies," he said. "Yes?"

Scene from "The Virgin Spring"—film has its own rhythms.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

PAPERBACKS FOR CHRISTMAS

At Christmas, it's hard to say who enjoys paperbacks most—the giver or the receiver. Certainly the book-giver has an unparalleled feeling of largesse in presenting an armful of books. For a moment, anyone can become a Carnegie or a Morgan, endowing a library—or at least a sturdy shelfful—with paperbacks selected scrupulously, lovingly.

The books chosen here, drawn from the thousands of paperbacks published during this past year, are all "collectors' items." Some represent new editions of out-of-print books, some are books whose translations from a foreign language are exemplary, and still others were chosen—like "The Age of Grandeur" or "JB"—because they are elegant books, handsomely bound, beautifully printed. Each volume belongs in anyone's library. In their paper covers, they are rare books.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

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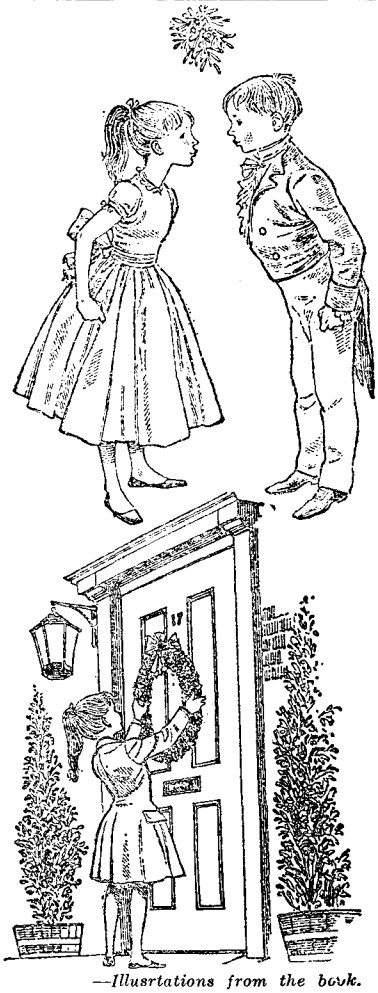

—Illustrations from the book.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nilsson's Wagner, Sutherland's Bellini

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA had one of the great days of its history on the recent Saturday when Joan Sutherland sang Lucia in the afternoon and Birgit Nilsson was heard for the first time as the "Götterdämmerung" Brünnhilde in the evening. Here, in composers so diverse as Donizetti and Wagner, was a re-creation of what makes any age golden: physical prowess mated with the mental discipline to produce a joyful, or a sad, or a vengeful sound to order and without disorder. Each made one feel that, were the composer present, he would say that his purpose had been well and faithfully served.

Of course, were the composer Richard Wagner, he might find the Metropolitan settings for its "Götterdämmerung" something more suitable for Donizetti, as Donizetti might find some of the "Lucia" effects precisely what a German deserved. But within the frame of such misdemeanors (both pre-Bing) this was a "Götterdämmerung" on a high plane of musical purpose under the knowing, effective, and, climatically, compulsive direction of Erich Leinsdorf.

From a beginning with her imposing Isolde, Miss Nilsson has progressively shown herself an exceptional artist in Puccini (Turandot) and Verdi (Aida) as well. But the last of the Brünnhildes is something special and apart—a test of nerve and will, of power application quite unlike anything in the repertory. She must launch a brilliant attack on the duet in the Prologue, spread her effort over the Waltraute scene and the frightening encounter with Gunther-Siegfried, dominate the confrontation with her erring spouse in the episode of the Oath, and yet preserve the fullest sound, the freshest eloquence, for the "Immolation" (which, in this uncut presentation, came nearly five hours after the 7:30 beginning). Vocally, Miss Nilsson did all these things with a stamina and forthright response to the letter of the score (no muddied high C's for her) which fulfilled Wagner's musical design in a way to challenge comparison with the best of recent Brünnhildes: Flagstad, Traubel, Lawrence, and Leider.

Dramatically, however, Miss Nilsson is only at the sketching stage of a full-length portrait of the much put-upon, tragically triumphant person she is portraying. Through her first act, it seemed to me, her Brünnhilde was cut of the same cloth as her Isolde—aloof, rather superior, still the girl-goddess who has not been exposed to the humiliation of her father's wrath in "Walküre," or the weathering storms of "Siegfried." Tradition has always had it that the "Götterdämmerung" Brünnhilde is older, wiser and, perhaps, a bit adjusted to her fall from immortality to mortality. Not much of this was conveyed in Nilsson's first act, admirably as she shaped the music.

The desirable shades of difference were better projected as lines of the drama were tightened: resentment at being treated as chattel to Gunther, resolution to avenge herself on her forgetful hero, and, finally, a true resurgence to her high heritage in the "Immolation." There is every reason to suppose that Miss Nilsson will add detail to her projection of the deeper, more inward aspects of the character as time passes. Certainly a singer who can find the low voice for the "Alles, alles" phase of the "Immolation," as well as the aurally blinding high voice, has no physical barrier to a complete characterization.

In some respects, such as full equipment for the task at hand, this "Götterdämmerung" was a dialogue between Miss Nilsson as Brünnhilde and Leinsdorf as conductor. The latter reached the climax of twenty-odd years in and out of the Metropolitan with a formidable presentation of the "Funeral Music" that made the orchestra a full partner in the realization of Wagner's purpose. Elsewhere, he adjudicated the claims of pit and stage in a way that Metropolitan "Götterdämmerungs" have wanted for most of a decade.

VIRTUALLY all other members of the cast were new to their parts here, and, at best, of mostly modest endowment, earnestly as it was applied. The women performed better than the men, beginning with Irene Dalis as Waltraute (the voice is just not big enough for her Valhalla-saving mission, though she uses it intelligently), and taking in the Norns (Mignon Dunn and Martina Arroyo, with Dalis doubling) and Rhinemaidens (Rosalind Elias, plus Dunn and Arroyo). The Gutrune was Ingrid Bjoner, of ideal appearance but vocally unsteady. To the extent that Hans Hopf did not let the performance down before he was downed by Hagen's spear, this was a successful first endeavor; but he was more at ease in the baritonal Gunther music than in the assigned territory for Siegfried—tight production, little ring in the sound, a bluff at the top. Ernst Wiemann's Hagen departed from the precedent of barbaric, "grimme" Hagens to put his emphasis on slyness and craft à la Klingsor, a wise procedure since the quality of the voice is concentrated in the middle, and cannot reach down for the sinister black sound favored by the bigger Hagens. Norman Mittleman is a youthful singer a bit beyond his present reach as Gunther, but the effort spoke well for his future. Conversely, Ralph Herbert's Alberich spoke well for his past experience and dramatic resource.

As an augury of things to come in the full "Ring," Nathaniel Merrill's stage arrangement was a mixture of the ominous and reassuring. Tradition was recognized if not respected (no cape for Brünnhilde to give to Siegfried, and no horse though Grane mysteriously reappeared for the climax of the "Immolation"), the innovations were more ingenious than self-justifying. The sets of 1947 have rarely been as well lit, though this only sharpened regret that they endure beyond destruction of the world they depict.

BETWEEN her two recent Lucias, Miss Sutherland visited Carnegie Hall for a concert presentation of Bellini's "La Sonnambula" by the American Opera Society. As Amina's dementia takes the form of innocent sleepwalking, there is no tragic climax toward which musical marksmanship can be aimed. But in adapting her substantial sound to what is, essentially, a pastoral fantasy, Miss Sutherland showed a command of color and nuance even more eloquent of total vocal discipline than filigree and fioriture. As an illuminating detail: there was the opportunity at the end of the quartet "D'un pensiero e d'un accento" for Miss Sutherland to strike off another top E flat, of which she has uncounted quantities. It was a compliment to her taste and sense of musical fitness that she settled back, instead, to the lower octave where, at that moment, the voice belonged. Renato Cioni's limited command of his basically good tenor sound was, of course, emphasized by his partner's easy, if incredible, domination of difficulties. Ezio Flagello was an accomplished Rodolfo and Betty Allen as Teresa and Eileen di Tullio as Lisa justified their selection for these roles. Conductor Nicola Rescigno, who has had some nervous moments when the soprano was Maria Callas, repaid, for peace of mind, with animation and no little finesse. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Liszt's life at the piano: left, the prodigy of thirteen, after a lithograph by Brinze; center, a photograph of his middle years; right, the venerable Abbe, depicted by Renouard.

LISZT IN THE RECORDS OF HIS PUPILS

By JAN HOLCMAN

AS THE last reverberations of the Liszt Sesquicentennial fade away, some cadential reflections concern a subject inadequately explored in the course of this commemoration: Liszt's pupils on disc. At least eleven found their way into the grooves, although only one has been restored on an exclusive LP.

The true significance of these recordings has a somewhat different connotation than commonly accepted. First, let us dispel the illusion that any of these venerable disciples brightly reflects Liszt's own legendary pianism. Aside from the fact that they often received irregular instruction from the master and had as many as three or four successive mentors, none of them heard Liszt in his prime. Moreover, in their adolescent years they were incapable of understanding Liszt's more prophetic compositions and—ironically—failed to derive the full benefit from his personal guidance.

Secondly, most of these Lisztians were in the October of their lives when they decided to record, and the shellacs captured quite a few samples of aged dexterity. Even if their artistic comprehension progressed at this point, their recorded repertoire hardly advanced to Liszt's esoteric works, often showing preference for other composers. Consequently, Liszt readings are not necessarily among their keenest achievements. Sauer's own description of Liszt's approach to "La Campanella" suggests that it was Paderewski, rather than Sauer himself, who closely remembered the composer's interpretation.

Nevertheless, these eleven pianists studied with the greatest keyboard virtuoso of the last century, who could select only the most promising talents for his musical temple at Weimar. Thus the disciples of Liszt, magnetized by his genius and glory, form around his nucleus a galaxy composed of rare asteroids of the most contrasting backgrounds, temperaments, and preferences, not to mention artistic magnitudes. Their only common trait, aside from a gift for composing, was the legato touch, but this quality was shared by many virtuosos of the epoch who never studied with the lord of Weimar. Nearly each number of the eloquent eleven deserves distinct credit for individual and independent approaches.

The oldest Liszt pupil on disc is Arthur Friedheim (1859-1932) whose acoustic readings of 1912 hold little for the casual listener. Some sectionalized passages in his performances reveal a style which is anything but integrated. The year 1862—a vintage time for pianists—produced six more Lisztians. Moriz Rosenthal, whose proverbially spicy wit permeated both his music and his life, cut over forty electric discs, all after the athletic veteran was past sixty. He left a few superlative specimens. The lesser ones? It is self-explanatory that the acoustic discs would have captured Rosenthal at his best, for the older the disc, the younger the fingers. The courtly Emil von Sauer fills thirty recordings, both electric and acoustic. His more memorable items include the two Liszt concertos, graciously performed when he was seventy-seven and had only three more years to live. Arthur de Greef, whose magisterial grandeur did not deprive him of grace, also recorded a sufficient number of pieces to fashion at least one superior LP. Although Eugène d'Albert was alive during the era of electric recordings, he made only acoustic discs, performances largely of faded luster. While of dubious pianistic merit in the main, he did leave two classic Beethoven movements which alone would make a very worthwhile

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Liszt by Liszt Pupils (and others)

The first name listed in a group represents the most, or one of the most convincing interpretations, in the opinion of the researcher; the following versions are not always listed in any hierarchy, since it is often difficult to decide between performances of unique values which may be chosen for *different reasons.* Records in italics are on LP.

Title	*Artist*	*Versions examined*
Au bord d'une source	d'Albert: acoustic Odéon 79633	5
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges (Mendelssohn)	Sauer: Regal RS 5546	1
"Benvenuto Cellini" (Berlioz)	Brendel: *Vox PL 10580*	1
Chapelle de Guillaume Tell	K. U. Schnabel: *Urania 8001*	1
Concerto No. 1 in E flat	Gilels: *Vanguard VRS 6015*	25
	Foldes: *Decca DL 9888*	
	Huttner: *Royale 1320*	
	Gieseking: Col. 68121/2-D	
	Arrau: *Col. ML 4665*	
Concerto No. 2 in A	de Greef: Vic. M 169	13
	Sauer: Col. LX 862/4	
	Petri: Col. LX 8399/41	
	Trouard: *Odéon ODX 161*	
	Casadesus: *Col. ML 4588*	
Consolation No. 3	Cherkassky: *Vic. LBC-1041*	7
Consolation No. 5	Katin: *Lon. CS 6106*	2
Csardas macabre	Kentner: Col. DX 1813	2
Cujus animam (Rossini)	Lamond: HMV D 1871	1
Danse macabre (Saint-Saëns)	Horowitz: Vic. 11-8776	1
Dante Sonata	Kentner: Col. DX 967/8	3
Don Juan Fantasy (Mozart)	Barere: Vic. 15485/6	3
Eglogue	da Motta: Pathé X 5451	1
En Rêve (Nocturne)	Kentner: Col. DX 1822	1
Erlkönig (Schubert)	Hofmann: 1904 G&T 045502	3
Etude after Paganini No. 2	Horowitz: Vic. 1468	10
	(Vasary: *Deutsche Gram. 138055*)	
No. 3, "La Campanella"	Paderewski: 1912 Vict. 88401	38
	Friedman: Col. 7141 M	
	Gilels: USSR 13232/3	
	Horsley: HMV G.C. 4169	
	Samaroff: Victrola 6270	
(first edition)	Darré: Polydor F 27014	1
No. 4	Ginsburg: USSR 18558/9	7
	Merzhanov: *Monitor MC 2012*	
No. 5, "La Chasse"	Ginsburg: USSR 18560(?)	14
	Merzhanov: *Monitor MC 2012*	
	Trouard: Odéon 123878	
(first edition)	Darré: HMV C-2336	1
Etudes d'exécution transcendante		
No. 1	Cziffra: *Angel 3591-B*	3
No. 5, "Feux follets"	Slenczynska: *Decca DL 9949*	16
	(Ashkenazy: *Angel 35647*)	
No. 6	Cziffra: *Angel 3591-B*	2
	(Johansen: *Artist Direct*)	
No. 7	Bolet: *RCA Vic. LM 2291*	4
	Cziffra: *Angel as above*	
No. 8	Bolet: *as above*	3
	Cziffra: *as above*	
	Johansen: *as above*	
No. 9, "Ricordanza"	Petri: Col. LX 846	6
	Bolet: *as above*	
No. 10	Zaremba: *Realistic 93 L 101*	4
	Bolet: *as above*	
No. 11, "Harmonies du Soir"	Richter: *Col. ML 5396*	5
No. 12	Cziffra: *as above*	3
	Johansen: *as above*	
Figaro Fantasy (Mozart)	Ginsburg: USSR D-456/7	2
	Petri: *West. 18968*	
Die Forelle (Schubert)	Petri: HMV B. 3508	1
Frühlingsnacht (Schumann)	J. Lhevinne: Vic. VD 8174	1
Funérailles	Weissenberg: *Lumen LD 3404*	10
	Horowitz: HMV DB 1848	
	Horowitz sec. ver.: Vic. 15245	
Glanes de Woronice (Chant Polonais)	Ansorge: Decca 25520	1
Gnomenreigen	Rachmaninoff: Victrola 1184	18
	Pouishnoff: Col. 2053 D	
	Petri: HMV B 3718	
	Wild: *Strad. 607*	
	Novaes: Victrola 1000	
	Lamond: HMV EH 968	
	(Sauer: Parl. E 10842)	
	Hummel: *Ersta ES 1000B*	
Hungarian Fantasy	de Greef: Vic. 55158/9	9
	(Grainger: Col. A 6115)	
	(Cziffra: *Angel 35436*)	
	(Anda: *Angel 35268*)	
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2	Horowitz: *RCA Vic. LM 2584*	18
	Rachmaninoff: *Edison Foundation*	
	Moiseiwitsch: HMV C. 3192	
	Hofmann: Brunswick 50023	
	Rosenthal: Royale 104	
	Trouard: Odéon 123842	
	Kentner: Col. DX 777	
No. 3	Farnadi: *West. XWN 18336/8*	1
No. 4	Merö: Victrola 1155	3
No. 5	Farnadi: *as above*	1
No. 6	Horowitz: *Vic. LM 2584*	9
	Levitzki: Col. 7007 M	
	Janis: *RCA Vic. LM 2098*	
	(Hambourg: as a curio, HMV B 8319)	
No. 7	Farnadi: *as above*	1
No. 8	Farnadi: *as above*	4
	Leginska: Col. 5072	
No. 9	Kentner: Col. DX 987	3
No. 10	Rubinstein: HMV DB 3216	7
	Rubinstein, sec. ver.: *RCA LM 1905*	
	Ginsburg: USSR	
	Paderewski: Victrola 6231	
	Dorfmann: Col. DX 367	
No. 11	Pugno: 1904 G&T: 35504/5	8
	Risler: Pathé 20322	
No. 12	de Greef: Vic. 11323	12
	Cliburn: *USSR D-4332*	
	(Josef Weiss: acoustic Parl. E 10181)	
No. 13	Busoni: Col. L 1456	5
No. 15 ("Rákoczy")	Solomon: Col. DX 441	6
	Horowitz: *RCA Vic. LM 2584*	
	(Sauer: Vox 06254)	
No. 16	Farnadi: *West. XWN 18338*	1
No. 18	Farnadi: *as above*	1
Les Jeux d'eaux à la Villa d'Este	Arrau: Parl. E 10871	3
	Cziffra: *Angel 35528*	
Légende No. 2	Cortot: HMV DB 3269	3
	Ciampi: Col. DX 733	
La Leggierezza	Moiseiwitsch: HMV C. 3227	15
	(Paderewski: *Camden CAL 310*)	
Liebestraum No. 3	Hofmann: *Allegro 1711*	24
	Hofmann: Col. A 5443	
	Cliburn: *USSR D-4332*	
	(Backhaus: Victrola 6582)	
The Maiden's Wish (Chopin)	Hofmann: 1935 unreleased HMV	12
	Hofmann: Col. A 6211	
	Paderewski: 1912 HMV: 045562	
	(Hummel: *Ersta 1020*)	
March (Glinka)	Ginsburg: USSR Radio-disc	1
Mazurka Brilliante	Pachmann: unreleased	
	1911 Victor	1
Mephisto-Waltz	Ashkenazy: *Artia MK 203 B*	18
	Hollander: *Camden CAL 534*	
	Kapell: Vic. 11-8866/7	
	Cziffra: *Angel 35528*	
	Rubinstein: *RCA Vic. LM 1905*	
Mephisto-Waltz (Busoni version)	Petri: *West. XWN 18968*	
My Joys (Chopin)	Hofmann: Brunswick 50045	12
	Stavenhagen: (from roll)	
	Tele. WE-28021	
	Isaacs (rec. after became blind):	
	Regal G. 1045	
"Norma" (Bellini)	Brendel: *Vox PL 10580*	1
"Oberon" (Weber)	Brendel: *as above*	1
Polonaise No. 1, in C minor	Kentner: Col. DX 986	2
	Katin: *Lon. CS 6106*	
Polonaise No. 2, in E	de Greef: HMV D 1364	7
Polonaise from "Onegin" (Tchaikovsky)	Cziffra: *Angel 35528*	1
The Return Home (Chopin)	Rachmaninoff: *Camden CAL 486*	2
	Slenczynska: *Decca DL 710029*	
"Rigoletto" Paraphrase (Verdi)	(Pachmann: Victrola 74261)	5
Scherzo and March	Kentner: Col. DX 988/9	1
Serenade (Schubert)	Rachmaninoff: Vic. 11-8278	2
Soirées de Vienne No. 6 (Schubert)	Rosenthal: Vic. 1854	9
	de Greef: HMV D 1412	
	(Ericourt: *Kapp KCL 9021*)	
Sonata in B minor	Horowitz: HMV DB 1855/7	17
	Barere: *Remingt. 85*	
	Vlasenko: USSR D-04274/5	
	Fleisher: *Epic LC 3675*	
	Kentner: Col. DX 1760/2	
	Bolet: *Everest LPBR 6064*	
	Weissenberg: *Lumen LD 3404*	
Sonetto del Petrarca No. 47	Kitain: Col. DX 935	4
	Brendel: *Vox PL 10800*	
Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104	Tamarkina: USSR D-00919	14
	Lamond: HMV D 1666	
	Lipatti: Col. LB 68	
	Weissenberg: *Lumen LD 3404*	
	Horowitz: *RCA Vict. LM 2584*	
Sonetto del Petrarca No. 123	Kitain: *Col. LX 577*	7
Un Sospiro	Lamond: HMV D 1621	13
	Zaremba: *Real. 93 L 101*	
Sursum corda	Bartók (Béla): Pacific 6501	1
"Tannhäuser" Overture (Wagner)	Moiseiwitsch: HMV C. 3002/3	2
Tarantelle di bravura (Auber)	(Lamond: HMV D. 1732)	1
Tarantella: "Venezia e Napoli"	Hofmann: Col. 7024 M	4
Totentanz	Kilenyi: Col. D-70594-5	5
"Tristan" (Wagner)	Brendel: *Vox PL 10580*	1
"Il Trovatore" (Verdi)	Brendel: *as above*	1
Unstern	Brendel: *Vox PL 11030*	1
Valse oubliée	Horowitz: HMV DA 1140	11
	Horowitz, sec. ver.:	
	RCA Vict LM 2584	
	Rubinstein: Vic. 10-1272	
	Cziffra: *Angel 35528*	
	Zaremba: *Real. 93 L 101*	
	Trouard: Odéon 123878	
Waldesrauschen	Hofmann: Brunswick 15046-A	8
Das Wandern (Schubert)	Rachmaninoff: *Camden CAL 486*	1

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three-inch LP. Conrad Ansorge, an emotionally uneven pianist, apparently limited himself to electric recordings. His seldom-encountered discs reveal a highly individualistic interpreter, who needs but a green light to "advance" to the LP shelves. Bernhard Stavenhagen recorded too little to occupy a niche in the body of recorded art: up to now, collectors know only of his sole disc with the Chopin Nocturne in D flat. This elusive species is an acoustic Pathé which is played at 100 rpm, from the center out! A rare copy, which once belonged to an Australian collector, was used by his widow as a base for a flower pot in her garden.

The eighth Lisztian, Georg Liebling (1865-1946) evidently left only one acoustic Parlophone with "Campanella," never seen by the collectors' clique. Josef Weiss (b.1864), probably one of the more occasional participants in the Liszt league, was an extravagant pianist who recorded very little. Grunfeld, *nota bene,* has been altogether inaccurately regarded as a Liszt pupil. The last two members of the original eleven, Frederic Lamond and Vianna da Motta, were both born in 1868 and shuffled off their mortal coils eighty years later. Da Motta, polyphonic and a bit pedantic, recorded a few expressive electrics for Pathé; Lamond confessed his musical virtues and sins to both horn and microphone. He was of moderate temperament, representing a characteristic fusion of romantic and classical elements. His extensive discography includes a few authoritative Beethovens and Liszts, still more interesting to hear while following the scores carefully edited by the pianist himself. D'Albert's discs, as well as Sauer's and Rosenthal's, can also be compared to their own published editions.

LISZT pupils can be discussed in various dimensions, but only their most arresting performances disclose the real kaleidoscope of sonic impressions. Rosenthal's intricate paraphrases of Strauss waltzes are among the highly revealing recorded documents. Here Rosenthal uses his famous and amazing long-distance jumps—a trick inherited from Liszt, who applied it in his "Glanes de Woronice." With Rosenthal, each waltz is an invitation to dance and each becomes the offspring of its predecessor. In the Strauss paraphrases, he sounds even more "Lisztian" than in his quite brutal fortissimos exploded in the 2nd Rhapsody, where he introduces the earlier Liszt variants extracted from the Busoni edition. Rosenthal's luxuriant mazurkas, such as Chopin's Opus 63, No. 1, are sensitively shaded by this master of tone, and radiate a rhythmic grace of incomparable fabric. It is more

A cast of Liszt's right hand.

than certain that Rosenthal's dance-rhythm was the initial guidepost for the spectacular Friedman, who was, in this respect, more a student of Rosenthal than he had been of Leschetizky.

A number of Sauer's readings reveal noble characteristics and wise economy in using power and pedal. His approach to the Schulz-Evler waltz after Strauss is distinguished by an elegance, while his own dance-composition is related to Rosenthal's in one technical aspect, that is, in usage of fast, repeated left-hand notes in groups of two. His "Echos of Vienna," a light flirtation over a glass of Rhine wine, is further echoed in George Feyer's cocktail-style, featuring music to hear, not to listen to.

Sauer's reputation as an exponent of the traditional romantic school is confirmed in his Chopin Impromptus and the two Liszt Concertos. Yet his readings of miniatures like Mozart's "Rondo alla Turca" seem to excel all his other discs by matchless simplicity and polish, overshadowing even the attractive d'Albert version. As if guided by the law of compensation, some romantics like Sauer and Paderewski occasionally surprise the listener by approaching a classical piece with a sober moderation, shunning the "old maid" mannerism of delaying the right hand. Sauer's delicately colored miniatures, like the Mozart Turkish Rondo or the Mendelssohn Scherzo, ring out as if made of porcelain (Viennese!), especially after a tempestuous (here) Friedman.

D'Albert made persuasive readings of the Beethoven "Waldstein" (Finale) and the Scherzo from Opus 31, No. 3 (also recorded by Lamond), which is second only to Hofmann's. D'Albert is a temperamental performer fully aware of structural principles in composition and of the informal obligations of the left hand. Unlike de Greef or Rosenthal, he rarely repeats two identical phrases in a similar manner, although he did present the same composition identically on two separate occasions. Trailing d'Albert, we find a real curio, featuring him playing his own arrangement of the Confederate rallying song, "Dixie." The reverse side plays back the delighted *"achs!"* and applause of his intimate friends, which induced him to repeat the same miniature. In a less domestic memento, d'Albert offers two etudes from Chopin's Opus 25. Although there is no applause this time, he plays each piece twice in succession without a stop and with differently colored repeats. There is even a disc where he plays the same etude three times.

No less unexpected is Da Motta's reading of Busoni's work based on the traditional English folk song, "Greensleeves" (a great party number). His more profound accomplishments include Liszt's pre-Debussyian "Eglogue." Arthur de Greef's readings of Liszt reveal an imposing and exciting artist. Our virtuosos could learn something from his versions of the Hungarian Fantasy, the 12th Rhapsody, and the E major Polonaise, all of which are, in addition, examples of a consummate technique, massive and precise rather than fluent. The more subjective Ansorge is the only pianist who recorded the early version of the "Maiden's Wish," from Liszt's seldom-attempted "Glanes de Woronice."

WHEN contemplating two other Lisztians, the gentle Siloti and the lively Stavenhagen, the question again arises as to the merit and validity of piano rolls. It must be emphasized that rolls may be both untrustworthy *and* significant. Stavenhagen's reading of "My Joys" contains some textual innovations that deserve transcription into a manuscript. Despite his colorful originality, he quite faithfully follows the remaining indications in the score. His LP-ized piano roll of the 12th Rhapsody on Telefunken, inscribed "In Remembrance of Liszt's Playing," cannot be overlooked. Another disciple, Reisenauer, went even further, and made a roll in *resemblance* of Liszt, imitating the playing of his master.

The final question to consider is the periphery of the galaxy, namely, the outer circle of prominent Liszt interpreters who never studied with him but who came more or less directly in contact with his magnificent influence. Pressings of the isolated rhapsodies by Pugno, Busoni, and even one by Kentner, represent what might be termed a potent Liszt style (Michelangeli, unmentioned so far, characteristically refused to send his Liszt tapes). Had Rachmaninoff been a Liszt student, he might have been acclaimed the reincarnation of the master, in pieces like "Gnomenreigen" or "Return Home." What must we think of the unrivaled, forgotten version of "Jeux d'eaux" with Arrau? Could any elicit more crystalline cascades from any musical fountain? And the impact of Barere's thunderous "Don Juan" or that of Ashkenazy's dazzling "Mephisto," on Artia? And Ginsburg, and Horowitz, and Hofmann, even Petri or Cziffra—don't they belong

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Liszt and Piano Technique

By HARRY L. ANDERSON

IN THE history of piano music no change from one period to another comes quite so clearly or so dramatically as that which occurred from the 1820s to the 1830s when the great romantic literature of the piano began to bloom in full flower. The piano itself, as if anticipating the new demands which would be made of it, had introduced during the 1820s the double escapement action, the felt hammer and the seven-octave range, leaving only the later addition of the steel frame to bring it substantially to the instrument that we know today. Even Paganini might have timed his emergence from relative obscurity for the maximum impact that his unprecedented mastery of the technical and expressive resources of the violin would have on the development of new piano idioms.

For the discovery of the true character of the piano we must credit Chopin and Schumann in whose music, almost from the start, is revealed for the first time the full significance of the pedal. There are instances of imaginative pedaling in Beethoven, even in Haydn's late C major Sonata, and Field in particular (in his A flat Concerto, for instance, which Chopin used to play) was evidently aware that the pedal was more than a means of prolonging notes that had actually been played. But it is in Chopin and Schumann, in the wide and fastidiously chosen intervals of their harmonies, in the designs of their figurations, that we hear for the first time as an essential part of their music the ethereal beauty or the sometimes intoxicating sheen which the sympathetic resonance of unstruck strings can add to the sounds actually played. It is part of the "Chopin sound" or the "Schumann sound," a subtle and infinitely variable resonance, dependent on the touch and the balance in intensities of the notes played and on the timing of the pedal for its most magical effects. Its cultivation by pianists of thirty or more years ago is one of the reasons why more of them had qualities of tone identifiably their own than we find among pianists today.

Liszt, if he had not been aware of this property of the piano before he knew Chopin, was undoubtedly quick to grasp it. Nevertheless, during the earlier period of Liszt's piano music, he was largely concerned with making possible on the piano an orchestral range of sound and discovering technical possibilities to match those accomplished by Paganini on the violin. While Chopin and Schumann were discovering the subtler sonorities that a pianist could produce by playing fewer notes, Liszt was devising ways for a pianist to play more notes than ever, over a wider range and in a shorter time.

SOME thorough German has probably traced the origins of all keyboard figurations and devices ever used and, if so, it is probable that he found some antecedent, in simple form at least, for most of those used by Liszt. Ever since John Bull hit upon the use of crossed hands in his "Walsingham" Variations, keyboard composers have explored new technical means and skills. Pasquini trilled while playing other notes with the same hand. Daquin trilled in thirds and Bach in chords with alternating hands. Scarlatti used fast repeated notes and the simple glissando among many other devices, Mozart the glissando in sixths and Beethoven that in octaves, while Liszt's daring octave jumps were forecast in Weber. The Chopin Etudes, moreover, made a profound impression on Liszt and many of them were written before Chopin came to Paris.

Liszt, however, not only evolved a piano idiom that incorporated and in most cases extended what had gone before but he may fairly be credited as the father of most of those sonorities that require the cooperation of the two hands. Ever since the Alberti bass was introduced piano writing had confined the hands almost entirely to separate functions and even in Chopin and Schumann the performer, so to speak, can still conduct his keyboard campaigns from fixed positions. But Liszt, in more sonorous or expansive passages, often devised ingenious figurations requiring the quick interchange of positions and functions of the hands, enabling piano music to maintain a wider and more complicated texture of sound. He gave to the piano a transcendent idiom which few composers since have found it necessary to extend in any direction.

By 1847, when Liszt abandoned his concert career to devote himself more seriously to composition, Chopin and Schumann had completed their major contribution to piano music. Today, of Liszt's earlier music, we rarely hear any except the Paganini and Transcendental Etudes or some of the "Années de Pèlerinage," and these we hear in the final and often considerably revised versions that he made during the 1850s. Nevertheless, if it is the Liszt of his mature years—the Liszt of the Sonata, the "Légendes," the Etudes de Concert, the Concertos, the "Totentanz," etc.—who deserves the high place that he holds among the romantic piano composers, much of the earlier music that is not played deserves to be revived. The early (1834) "Harmonies poétiques et religieuses" is not only musically worth knowing, but, in its extreme freedom of rhythm and harmonic progressions, it is surprisingly prophetic of the music of his last years. From the same year there are also two "Apparitions" worth reviving as well as his "Lyon," in the climax of which is not only the sound but the harmony of Wagner's full orchestra twenty years later.

IT was no doubt largely from the experience that he gained in his large number of operatic fantasies and song transcriptions during these earlier years that Liszt developed his extraordinary sensitivity to the effectiveness of the different registers of the piano and his skill in using them to suggest orchestral timbres and vocal effects. The opportunity was unfortunately lost earlier in the century to record an invaluable documentary of most of these works by the surviving pupils of Liszt or by other pianists who knew their tradition. Of the operatic fantasies we have few on records which take us far beyond the notes or the technical difficulties but even today, when a Richter can give us such a surpassing "Harmonies du soir" as he has done, it may not be too late to hope for the appearance of a modern Busoni who will learn how to present the fantasies on "Norma," "Sonnambula," "Le Prophète," or "Lucia e Paresina" in the spirit of their time, and perhaps we shall even have the fantasies on Pacini's "Niobe" or on "Robert le Diable," which were amongst the most effective weapons that Liszt used to rout his pianistic rivals.

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Filed, but Not Forgotten

By RICHARD FREED

AT THIS time annually, it is customary to compile lists of the outstanding records *issued* during the year, for which *SR*'s RECORDINGS editor regularly surveys music critics and reviewers around the country (their selections for this year appear on page 51). It might be well, however, to take note also of some of the records discontinued during 1961. Some might argue that this year's deletions were superior in interest to many of the additions.

Although all the titles in the adjoining box were listed in the *Schwann Catalog* less than a year ago, not one is to be found there now. This list is by no means complete, nor is it meant to suggest that all the works cited are of equal interest. But it indicates a discouraging pattern which, if pursued to its ridiculous extreme, could result in a catalogue of fewer than fifty titles but a hundred versions of each. Already we have almost forty discs each of Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto and the "Nutcracker Suite" but not one of Beethoven's C major Quintet or his delicious Variations on "La ci darem la mano," more than thirty of Ravel's "Bolero" but not one of Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien." There is room for eighteen competing presentations of the "Grand Canyon Suite," but no room for one offering of a symphony by Paul Creston or Dag Wiren.

►The symphony of Franz Schmidt is certainly not everyone's dish, but Balakirev's is a piece anyone would find hard to resist—as melodic and richly colored as "Scheherazade," and unspoiled by overfamiliarity. Moreover. it was one of Sir Thomas Beecham's own favorites among his many recordings, and one of his very best, worth preserving for the slow movement alone (Angel S-35399)

►No major Mendelssohn quartet remains, nor the single one by César Franck. The discarded Haydn quartets include the early F major with the celebrated Serenade (Opus 3, No. 5), and the greatest of the entire series (Opus 77, No. 2, in F), and now the splendid "Imperial" Symphony (No. 53 in D) and elegant No. 67 in F have been added to the "Maria Theresia," "Philosoph," No. 86 in D, and others unconscionably abandoned.

►It is dismaying to watch the Roussel discography dwindle away—the Third and Fourth Symphonies dropped two years ago, the Quartet last year, and now the four works listed, all accounted for by the retirement of another Epic disc with Sacher conducting (LC-3129).

►The "Festival Mass" composed by Orazio Benevoli for the consecration of Salzburg Cathedral some 300 years ago is scored for sixteen vocal soloists, four choirs, six orchestras, and two organs. It would benefit substantially from stereophonic treatment, but those who admire the elaborate festive pieces of Lully and Marc-Antoine Charpentier will find much to enjoy in Joseph Messner's monophonic disc, coupling the mass with Benevoli's "St. Ruperti Hymnus" (Epic LC-3035).

In addition to these works no longer on records at all, this year's cutout list includes several incomparable performances of music still available in less worthy versions. There is no scarcity, certainly, of recordings of Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suites, but none of the remaining ones matches the magic of the deleted Beecham (Angel 35460, with the overture "Patrie!"). The same may be said of Sir Thomas's Tchaikovsky Fourth, showing his characteristic blend of refinement and excitement (Capitol G-7139), and, of course, the collections of short pieces called "Beecham Encores" (Columbia ML-5321).

►A Czech recording of Bohuslav Martinu's Sixth Symphony ("Fantaisies Symphoniques") has been released on

Deletions 1961

Auric: Ballet suite, "Phèdre"
Bach: Cantatas Nos. 55, 76, 84, 151, 174, 210
Balakirev: Symphony No. 1
Beethoven: String Quintet, Opus 29
Piano Trio, Opus 1, No. 3
Wind Trio, Opus 87
Variations on "La ci darem la mano" for winds
Benevoli: Festmesse für 53 Stimmen
Bloch: Suite for Viola and Piano
Boccherini: Sextet for Strings, Opus 24, No. 1
Sextet for Winds and Strings, Opus 41
Sinfonia Concertante in G
Cello Sonata
Symphony in A
String Trios
Brahms: Sextet in G, Opus 36
Piano Trio in A, Op. Posth.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 6
Cimarosa: Keyboard sonatas
Creston: Symphonies Nos. 2 & 3
Dvorak: "Liebeslieder;" "Zigeunerlieder"
Elgar: Symphony No. 2
Franck: "Psyche," complete
String Quartet
"Redemption" (morceau symphonique)
Haydn: Quartets, Opus 3, No. 5; Opus 64, Nos. 1, 4 & 6; Opus 77, No. 2; Opus 103
"The Seven Last Words"
Symphonies Nos. 53 & 67
Piano Trios Nos. 17 & 27-30
String Trios
Various divertimenti
Ibert: Concertino for Saxophone
Ireland: Piano Concerto
Kodaly: Quartet No. 2
Mendelssohn: Quartets Nos. 1, 3, 4 & 6
Milhaud: Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2
Moussorgsky: "The Fair at Sorotchinsk"
Mozart: Various wind divertimenti
Violin-Piano Sonatas K. 58, 305 & 402
Pergolesi: Concertini
Quincy Porter: Quartet No. 6
Poulenc: Stabat Mater
Rachmaninoff: Suites for Two Pianos
Rameau: "Platée," complete
Rangström: Divertimento Elegiaco
"King Erik's Songs"
Rossini: "Le Comte Ory"
Roussel: Piano Concerto
Concerto for Small Orchestra
Petite Suite
Sinfonietta
Domenico Scarlatti: Various keyboard sonatas
"Tetide in Sciro"
Franz Schmidt: Symphony No. 4
Schumann: "Faschingsschwank aus Wien"
Sessions: Symphony No. 2
Sibelius: "King Christian II" Suite
"Scènes historiques"
Music for "The Tempest"
Soler: Quintet No. 6 for Organ and Strings
Tchaikovsky: Suite No. 4 ("Mozartiana")
Toch: Symphony No. 3
Vaughan Williams: Suite for Viola and Piano
Villa-Lobos: Quartet No. 6
Vivaldi: Cello Sonatas, Opus 14
Weber: Symphony No. 2
Wiren: Symphony No. 4

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Supraphon, but it does not adequately displace the RCA Victor disc by Munch and the Boston Symphony, for whom (like the Piston Sixth, with which it was paired on LM-2083) it was written. The highly individual Schubert recordings by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet were "idiomatic" to some listeners, anathema to others. But the VKQ versions of the beloved A minor (Opus 29), several of the early quartets, and the ingratiating Octet will always have an honored place in the Schubert discography.

►Some other notable cutouts were of a primarily historical interest. The Camden collections of operatic arias by Pinza, McCormack, Flagstad, Traubel, Pons, Galli-Curci, and Ponselle are gone now, and the especially attractive Pinza Camden of Italian art songs (CAL-539). Rachmaninoff still plays his piano concerti and "Paganini Rhapsody" on Victor, and, on special order, he may still be heard in the Grieg and Schubert sonatas with Kreisler, but the legendary "Carnaval" and Chopin Second Sonata (both on Camden CAL-396) are no longer with us, nor are the sixteen exquisite miniatures once offered on CAL-486.

►All the Toscanini Camdens were also discontinued this year, leaving us no phonographic memento of the Maestro's years with the New York Philharmonic. Although all the material was later remade with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, the old Beethoven Seventh (CAL-352) remains a blazing landmark in the history of both Beethoven interpretation and the phonograph.

One might easily continue for several pages simply to enumerate the year's significant cutouts. There were compelling performances of the great B flat Piano Sonata of Schubert by Joerg Demus (his second, incidentally—Westminster XWN-18845) and Clara Haskil (Epic LC-3031). A genuine bargain on Westminster paired superlative versions of Dvorak's Piano Quintet and Opus 105 Quartet by the Baryllis with Edith Farnadi (XWN-18519), and another disc on the same label offered all three Debussy sonatas for various instruments (XWN-19511). Paul Sacher's Brandenburgs on Epic (SC-6008 or LC-3166/67) were perhaps the best without recorders and gambas.

However, space is limited and the message is simple: If repertory and interpretation mean more to you than material to demonstrate your playing equipment, it might be a good idea to find last January's *Schwann Catalog*, prepare a "want list" from it and go hunting while there is still a good chance of finding most of the material discontinued in the intervening months.

The Critics Choose

Their Favorite Discs of 1961

IN POLLING the record critics of the country for the fifteenth time since 1947 on their preferences and predilections among the records issued during the past twelve months, RECORDINGS finds one unmistakable trend: 1961 was a year marked by overlappings and duplications, even among the things that were outstanding. Thus, for the first time, there is more favor for a work than any single performance of it, and the single performance which had as much favor, did not interest as many as another work. In either case, however, the composer of the year was, unquestionably, Richard Wagner.

Spelling out this paradox is the total figure of ten nominations for his "Flying Dutchman," spread among the two new versions by RCA Victor and Angel. Disposed to the former, in which George London had the leading role with Antal Dorati conducting, were Martin Bookspan, *Jewish Advocate;* Hilmar Grondahl, Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian;* Paul Hume, Washington (D.C.) *Post;* Jerry Krupnick, Newark (N.J.) *Star-Ledger;* Eugene S. Lewis, Dallas (Tex.) *Times Herald;* Clyde Neibarger, Kansas City (Mo.) *Star;* and Thomas B. Sherman, St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch.* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's Dutchman was preferred by Collins George, Detroit (Mich.) *Free Press,* and Stella Mills, Portland (Maine) *Sunday Telegram.* Clifford Gessler, Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune,* found little to choose between them.

No other work in the operatic category (in which, on the whole, there was the most agreement) attracted the franchise of as many as ten voters among the fifty-plus participating. However, the London "Tristan," with Georg Solti conducting a cast headed by Birgit Nilsson, was first choice of seven critics: Paul Affelder, Newark (N.J.) *News;* Fredson Bowers, Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch;* Lew Cole, Cleveland (O.) *Press;* Roger Dettmer, Chicago's (Ill.) *American;* Benjamin H. Doroff, Syracuse (N.Y.) *Post-Standard;* Robert C. Marsh, Chicago (Ill.) *Sun-Times;* Peregrine White, Durham (N.C.) *Morning Herald* and Greensboro (N.C.) *Daily News.* Sharing equal favor, though divided among two versions, was Verdi's "Otello." Oddly enough, each had the same total. The three in favor of London's Tebaldi-del Monaco production were Frank Arganbright, Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal and Courier;* Nell Lawson, Buffalo (N.Y.) *Evening News,* and Weldon Wallace, Baltimore (Md.) *Sun.* Those disposed to the RCA Victor version with Leonie Rysanek and Jon Vickers were Edward Miller, *Seventeen;* Charles F. Kinzly, Buffalo (N.Y.) *Courier-Express;* and Delos Smith, United Press International. The seventh, to complete the "Tristan"—equaling total, was another Smith, Oscar of the Akron (O.) *Beacon-Journal,* who bracketed the two issues without rating one above the other.

The final opera performance to attract multiple preference was the recently issued "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Joan Sutherland. Its six partisans were Rual Askew, Dallas (Tex.) *Morning News;* Lily May Caldwell, Birmingham (Ala.) *News;* Don Henahan, Chicago (Ill.) *Daily News;* Herbert Kupferberg, New York (N.Y.) *Herald Tribune;* Arden X. Pangborn, Portland (Ore.) *Oregon Journal;* and the undersigned. To complete the table of operatic interest mention should be made of two votes each for Blomdahl's "Aniara" from Columbia (Don Gold, *Show Business Illustrated,* and Bernard Rabb, *Music Journal),* Janacek's "The Cunning Little Vixen" from Artia (John Whitbeck Clark, *Musical America,* and Martin Mayer, *Esquire*), and the new Callas "Norma" from Angel (E. L Batdorff, Cleveland (O.) *Plain Dealer,* and Francis A. Klein, St. Louis (Mo.) *Globe-Democrat*). A single unequivocal endorsement of the new DG

(Continued on page 55)

The Critics Prefer

OPERA: "Flying Dutchman" (Wagner) with George London, conducted by Antal Dorati (RCA Victor)

"Tristan und Isolde" (Wagner) with Birgit Nilsson, conducted by Georg Solti (London)

ORCHESTRAL: "Ein Heldenleben" (Strauss), with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Capitol)

VOCAL: Gérard Souzay, baritone, in "La Bonne Chanson" (Fauré), with Dalton Baldwin, piano (Epic)

POPULAR: "Judy at Carnegie Hall" (Capitol)

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Recordings in Review

Discovery in Dargomijsky

DARGOMIJSKY: *"What's There in My Name," "Vertograd," "A Youth and a Maiden," "I Loved You," "The Night Zephyr," "To Friends," "The Miller," "A Tear," "I Remember," "The Wedding," "Titular Counsellor," "The Sierra Nevada Is in the Mist," "Bewitch Me," "I am in Love My Beauty, "I Am Sad," and "Old Corporal." Boris Gmyrya, basso, with Lev Ostrin, piano.* Artia MK 1566, $5.98.

Either for the songs or the singer, this is a disc to buy and to treasure against the day when neither may be as readily available. The sixteen songs are eminently enjoyable, in the fluent, outspoken melodic vein known to us less from other works of Dargomijsky than for the aria of Gremin in Tchaikovsky's "Eugen Onegin," for example, or a carry-over in some of the Rachmaninoff songs. Generically, they are called "romanzas"; but they are, in the main, ballads in a lyric style, with the exception of a gruff selection such as the "Old Corporal," which has suggestions of Moussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death."

As for the singer, he is, of himself, something that would be exceptional even in material of less intrinsic interest. A true typification of the legendary Russian bass voice, Gmyrya's rich, darkly colorful voice belies the mention that he was born in 1903 and has been singing publicly since 1936. But the artistry, the imagination, and the command of textual nuance are assuredly the products of a long, thoughtful attention to the vocal art. One's general esteem for him rises sharply in the appreciation of his rare command (for a bass) of the dexterity to dispose of a swift-moving turn, *staccato*, in "Bewitch Me" (not once, but many times, wherever it happens to fall in the voice).

It is difficult to particularize more about his singing of this song or that, for the English titles are as far as this issue goes in assisting the user to know what he is hearing. There are not even synopses or abbreviated descriptions of the contents, not to mention the absence of text in any language.

Birgit Nilsson: "no want of innate abilities."

Lieder by Nilsson

SCHUBERT: *"Dem Unendlichen," "Lied der Mignon," "An die Musik";* STRAUSS: *"Cäcilie";* GRIEG: *"Ich liebe dich," "Im Kahn," "And I Shall Have a True Love," "The Swan";* SIBELIUS: *"The Tryst," "The First Kiss," "Was It a Dream?" "Sigh, Rushes, Sigh," "Black Roses";* WAGNER: *"Der Engel," "Träume." Birgit Nilsson, soprano, with Leo Taubman, piano.* RCA Victor LSC 2578, $5.98.

Though this is Birgit Nilsson's first song-singing on records that has come to my attention, and she is yet to give such a recital in New York, it reveals what might be termed suspected capacities. That is to say, the qualities of conscience, thoroughness, and musical probity that have made her work in opera so gratifying, and the range of that work from Mozart and Beethoven to Wagner, Verdi, and Puccini, implied a performer whose intelligence would make her abilities on stage adaptable to the concert hall.

Perhaps for the very reason that Miss Nilsson is only now venturing such appearances elsewhere in the country, the results are not yet of the high standard she has set and sustained in Wagner and Beethoven, Puccini and Mozart. There is no want of innate ability, and a third or so of the total of fifteen songs are very well sung (most of them on the Grieg-Sibelius side). But there is a sense of some songs being held at arm's length and examined as if they were something with which Miss Nilsson was not yet wholly at home. An odd vocal leap that appears to take her by surprise, a little uncertainty of pitch at the break of the voice, suggests that some of the songs are not yet wholly in her voice. At the same time, the quality of result she attains in the whole Sibelius sequence (and with truly touching effect in "Was It a Dream?", "Sigh, Rushes, Sigh", and "Black Roses") suggests that she could do much better with "Dem Unendlichen" and "An die Musik" than she does. The former has some stunning notes here and there, but no consistency of mood, and the latter is very beautifully produced, vocally, but with something less than the fervor such a fine singer should find in words proclaiming "Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir." Though, to be sure, Leo Taubman's routine kind of piano playing is no incitement to fervor.

As for any comparisons with her illustrious predecessor in what might be recognized, in large part, as the "Flagstad repertory" (though it is, more generically, the Wagner-singer-from-Scandinavia repertory), there is an uncanny sense of similarity in her voicing of "Der Engel." On the other hand, "Cäcilie" is one which has, now and then, that taken-by-surprise sound.

Moore and Angeles Reunited

SACRATI: *"E dove t'aggiri" ("Proserpina");* SCARLATTI, A.: *"Le Violette";* HANDEL: *"Oh! had I Jubal's lyre" ("Joshua");* SCHUBERT: *"Der Tod und das Mädchen", "Wohin?", "An die Musik";* BRAHMS: *"Dein Blaues Auge," "Vergebliches Ständchen";* FAURE: *"Chanson d'amour", "Clair de lune";* GRANADOS: *"Callejeo," "El tra la la y el punteado";* GURIDI: *"No quiero tus avellanas," "Cómo quieres que adivine";* NIN (arr.): *"Granadina," "El vito," "El paño murciano";* TURINA: *"Tu pupila es azul";* VALVERDE: *"Clavelitos";* BARRERA AND CALLEJA: *"Adiós Granada." Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel S 35971, $5.98.

For most listeners, it will have been much too long since Victoria de los Angeles has enjoyed the collaboration of Gerald Moore in a recording—so far as available records disclose, as long ago as the late Forties when she was just beginning to be heard and talked about. Oddly enough, a small batch released at that time in England included the perennially popular "Clavelitos," whose recapitulation here is one of the delightful things in a sequence of many delights.

As the listing above suggests, Miss de los Angeles asks no concessions, gives no favor to herself in time, scope, or character of the music she sings. She is, at all times, a fine vocalist and a conscientious artist; but it would be absurd to say that she is as happily disposed toward "Der Tod und das Mädchen" as she is to "Dein blaues Auge." In the latter she seems to be breathing a confidence, in the former, following a blueprint. Her "Vergebliches Ständchen" is charming, her

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"An die Musik" dull. Beautiful in sound, yes; but dull of color, context, meaning.

In all, and through everything, whether a sparkling "Violette" (cleaner than Schipa's, if not quite so passionately meaningful), a rippling "Jubal's lyre," a spirited "El vito," Moore is even more to de los Angeles than he was to Schwarzkopf in the Wolf disc discussed last month (*SR*, Nov. 25). For here he has a wide range of composers, modes, humors, and styles on which to exercise his artistry, and he makes a speaking entity of everything he touches. If I describe his part of "An die Musik" as heavenly, I would not want it thought that I regard the insinuating background for "Le Violette" as less than perfect.

Price for Christmas

GRUBER: *"Silent Night"*; MENDELSSOHN: *"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing"*; HOPKINS: *"We Three Kings of Orient Are"*; BACH: *"Von Himmel Hoch"*; SCHUBERT: *"Ave Maria"*; BACH-GOUNOD: *"Ave Maria"*; MOZART: *"Alleluja," etc. Leontyne Price, soprano, with members of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan, the Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and the Wiener Grosstadtkinderchor.* London OS 25280, $5.98, Mono 5644, $4.98.

As a quick scrutiny suggests, the contents of this "Christmas Offering" are almost as old as the holiday observance itself, which is to say it adheres both to the expectable and the traditional. What distinguishes it from other collections custom decrees for this time of year, however, are the qualities of the performances, and especially the qualities of Miss Price.

She was, at the time of this recording, in prime vocal condition. There is a gloss and freshness to the sound (likely to be abraded in the course of an opera season) which give to her model enunciation of the texts a distinction of expression rare indeed. Not all the recording is exactly to my taste (a kind of chasm-like cathedral quality has been achieved, probably by electronic means, which makes for a blurry, artificial acoustic surrounding), but the average is above average.

Some of the most appealing material is covered, in the above listing, by "etc." (for want of a composer's name for listing purposes). Among them are Miss Price's unaccompanied "Sweet Li'l Jesus," "O Tannenbaum" sung with the children's choir, and "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen." Karajan does his share of the joint "Offering" with total efficiency.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

"L'Enfance du Christ"

ON RARE occasions, one hears a performance of a masterpiece which not only does full justice to the work but—by a process almost equivalent to creation—puts it in a new light. The composer's intentions, previously obscured, have come through. Such an experience in listening relates chiefly to music of a personalized nature which must be helped along, brought outward by the interpreter for its maximum effect. The later Beethoven, all of Berlioz come to mind in this respect; for Berlioz, especially, does not play himself. His was an all-encompassing mind that went beyond the spinning of notes and concerned itself with total poetic design. A new recording of "L'Enfance du Christ", under the direction of Colin Davis (L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo SOL 60032/3, $11.96, monaural 50201/2, $9.96) brings fresh clarity to Berlioz's aims in this score, previously troubling even to the specialist. The three portions of the triptych have in the past seemed stitched together arbitrarily; the characterization appeared pallid, especially the two-dimensional treatment of Mary and Joseph. Only random pages seemed to bear the imprint of the greater Berlioz.

And now, in this exceptional recording, the entire work has come true. As conducted by Mr. Davis and sung with complete stylistic grasp, "L'Enfance du Christ" communicates its message. This is no mere tour de force on the part of Berlioz, no artful dabbling—with instrumentation preciously scaled to a minimum—in antique musical style; neither is it the collection-plate type of sentimental oratorio which inferior performance has so often made it out to be. Berlioz has shunned conventional piety or tonal carpentry to capture the spirit of an entire era: the Italian *quattrocento*. Mary and Joseph are two-dimensional because the composer wants them that way, because they are intended to suggest a pair of figures in those luminous pictures by Fra Angelico wherein foreground and background blend magically as one. Dramatize them in performance, push them out of perspective, and they are lost. Present them with the wondrous delicacy and reticence achieved in the new L'Oiseau-Lyre recording, and Berlioz's intentions become clear. The bright quality of the woodwinds, the vivid primary tones of the strings, the almost total absence of dark-hued brass, all within an archaic framework, are an approximation in orchestral color of early Renaissance painting, of the great period of Giovanni di Paolo, whose "Flight Into Egypt" is beautifully reproduced as the cover design of this album.

Nowhere in this recording has Davis forced, exaggerated or underlined; and this objectivity throws new light on Berlioz's classical approach—not a visiting classicism, a guest appearance "in diesen heil'gen Hallen," but the sobriety born of great art. According to misconceptions still prevalent (which the admirable biography by Jacques Barzun has done much to combat), this rash, bombastic composer reformed toward the end of his life and wrote the stately "Troyens." As a good-natured prank, he also turned out "L'Enfance du Christ." In reality Berlioz was, from the beginning, a composer in the classical tradition, if by "classical" we mean preoccupation with structure and line. Like Mozart, he was Protean in personality, assuming shapes often surprisingly in contradiction with one another; these were, however, but different aspects of a vastly ranging personality.

The new recording of "L'Enfance du Christ" puts the work definitely in the mainstream of Berlioz's creative output and removes it from the trick category to which whimsically-minded writers of the last century have assigned it. None of the singers in this album, with the exception of Elsie Morison, the Mary, has a sensuously beautiful voice; yet all of them lay hold of the mood. John Cameron sings the music of Joseph well; Joseph Rouleau is compelling as Herod and (in a double assignment) quite touching as the Ishmaelite who succors Mary and Joseph. The vocalism of Peter Pears, the Narrator, is occasionally dry and his French not always ingratiating; but his sense of line, his ability to penetrate the meaning of a phrase at will and relate it to the rest of the work serve him well. In the overall matching of tone quality among the singers, the listener will note the conductor's skill. One looks forward to hearing more from Davis. The chorus (St. Anthony Singers) and the Goldsbrough Orchestra perform irreproachably; and the quality of the technical production is prime.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bloch: Concerto Symphonique. Litolff: Scherzo (from Concerto Symphonique No. 4). Marjorie Mitchell, piano, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. Vanguard VSD 2101, $5.95.	A product of the late years (1947-48) of Bloch's life, this work fulfills the promise of the title in giving equal shares of prominence to orchestra and piano. It is also strongly wrought of Bloch's most solid craftsmanship. What I did not hear in a first playing was a flow of musical idea to support the effort expended on their working out; and a second exposure did not add to respect for Bloch's rhetoric of composition a strong attachment to the substance of his argument. Miss Mitchell provides the kind of solo impulse and Golschmann the order of assistance that should make the most of what they are concerned with, but real interest remains elusive. The Litolff scherzo (who has ever heard the whole of this work?) is neatly, fleetly dispatched. Good reproduction.
Falla: "Tricorne," "La Vida breve." (Interlude and Dance). Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, with Teresa Berganza, mezzo soprano. London CS 6224, $5.98.	It would take a braver man than I to question Ansermet's knowledge of the ballet music which he conducted at its first performances in 1919, but I do question the "Rheingold" techniques by which Falla's genial score is turned into a kind of timpani concerto. And where feeling is concerned rather than knowledge, I much prefer the expansively noninsistent treatment by Argenta of the dances (rather than the total ballet score) on London CS 6050. Berganza sings well the modest amount of vocal music in this score, though her placement in terms of the instrumental background is not too advantageous.
Handel: "Water Music." Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WST 14142, $5.98.	Were all the movements played as well as a minuet here, a bourrée there, this would be something to acclaim; were all played as perversely as some others, it would be something to denounce. The sum of it, then, is Scherchen's typically erratic Handel, the more erratic for conforming to no discernible pattern of antipathy or sympathy—though, in general, the slow sections are played better than the fast. Not much assistance is provided by the annotation in determining sequence or names, for it is devoted wholly to scholarly considerations without such practical information as the names of the movements. Furthermore, these are not enumerated on the record label. Otherwise all is order, clarity, coherence. No arranger is specified, but the instrumentation is not the conventional one of Sir Hamilton Harty, nor disposed to its kind of fulness.
Haydn: Symphony No. 83 in G minor. Mozart: Symphony No. 29 in A (K. 201). Szymon Goldberg conducting the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra. Epic BC 1148, $5.98.	Goldberg has considerable success in organizing his players into a single-minded, cohesive whole, faithful to his own high standards in musical detail cleanly articulated. However, this is but a beginning toward meaningful interpretation and he doesn't go much beyond it. Of the two symphonies, the Haydn ("La Poule") makes a stronger impression because it requires less in the way of supplementary insight beyond the clear indications of the written score. It is a well turned out, thoroughly listenable performance. However, the Mozart is very fast off the mark for an Allegro moderato, the whole of it rather relentlessly pursued for a work of its geniality and equitable spirit. Very good reproduced sound.
Kurka: Symphony No. 2. Whitney: Concertino. Louisville Orchestra conducted by Robert Whitney. Louisville LOU 616, $7.95.	Here is more evidence to the point that December 12, 1957, when Kurka died at the age of twenty-six, was a dark day for American music, for it shows as much disposition to instrumental expression as his "Good Soldier Schweik" did to the operatic. A commission thoughtfully provided by the Paderewski Fund for the Encouragement of American Composers enabled Kurka to write this work in 1953, when he was twenty-two, and for all its derivations from the procedures of Prokofiev, it has exceptional fluency, organization, and order. And, of course, the high spirits that were singularly his. With it is a well-constructed score by composer Whitney which explains some of conductor Whitney's access to a variety of contemporary musical dialects: he speaks one (basically French, with a trace of Stravinsky) fluently himself. Both works are skilfully performed, and very well reproduced.
Poulenc: Concerto for Organ, Strings, and Timpani. Stravinsky: "Jeu de Cartes." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Berj Zamkochian, organ, and Everett Firth, timpani. RCA Victor LM 2567, $4.98.	For reasons of its own, RCA has arranged the contents of this album as noted at left, though the Poulenc is already available in two performances, of which one at least is superior to this, and the Stravinsky is offered in a version currently unique. This relates not merely to the lack of another version, stereo or mono, but also to the model clarity, strength, and animation of the Munch performance. He gets more from the score than any previous phonographic interpreter (especially its rarely remarked allusions to Ravel's "La Valse") including the composer himself on a no longer available Berlin Philharmonic issue. It rates high among the best recent RCA recordings technically.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4 in D minor, "Manfred" Overture. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6256, $5.98.	Schumann is a composer for whom Bernstein's feeling is sure, his models sound. The organic development of this work (well projected in the conductor's own comments printed on the liner) is given its due in this performance, which has force, point, and a suitable sense of style. There is, however, no more than a mention of Bernstein's "faith" in the "rightness of Schumann's own final revision (1851)" to illuminate the respects in which this "original orchestration" differs from those commonly used by others. The quality level is sustained through the strong playing of the "Manfred" Overture.
Tcherepnin: Bagatelles, Opus 5. Weber: Konzertstück. Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini. Margit Weber, piano, with the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Deutsche Grammophon DGS138710, $6.98.	At first glance it would appear that the Tcherepnin Bagatelles (originally for solo piano and rescored by the composer) plus the Weber "Concert Piece" might provide values to differentiate this version of the Rachmaninoff work from the multiple others (four in stereo) now available. The first hearing characterizes the Tcherepnin as only what the British call "fill up" matter—pleasant, but hardly incentive toward buying the whole record. The Weber is strongly, rather harshly performed, but without much charm or persuasiveness. The Rachmaninoff is treated much the same way, with the polyphony turned inside out, and the melodic attractions in which the real feeling in this work inheres, outside in. Finally, Miss Weber's piano sound lacks the color and warmth to compare with other top performers of Rachmaninoff.
Thomson: "The River" (Suite), "The Plow that Broke the Plains" (Suite). Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air. Vanguard VSD 2095, $5.95.	For those who were not listening when these scores were new for the films to which they were made in 1936 and 1937, these recordings will be reminders of the vital contribution of Thomson to the direction of American music since then. The elevation of mundane musical materials to the integers of an art expression is especially evident in "Plow," which recalls the droughts and the Okies and other migrators of the time in its mixture of melancholia and resolution. Stokowski makes much of the coloristic content of the two scores, providing a new high in interpretive values for "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," which has a conspicuous place in "The River." High-quality reproduction. —Irving Kolodin.

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Missa by Bernstein

BEETHOVEN: *Mass in D Major (Missa Solemnis), Opus 123. Eileen Farrell, soprano, Carol Smith, contralto, Richard Lewis, tenor, Kim Borg, bass; the Westminster Choir [directed by John Finley Williamson], and the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein.* Columbia monaural M2L 270, $9.96, stereo M2S 619, $11.96.

A performance of the Missa represents a gigantic undertaking; ideally the conductor must grasp the score's multifaceted emotional and intellectual content, master the technical complexities involved, and at the same time demonstrate awareness of Beethoven's intentions. Musicians claiming far more experience with Beethoven in general, the Missa in particular, have failed to meet this challenge. In all fairness, therefore, we should be grateful for Bernstein's successes (they are remarkably frequent), and indulgent of the less auspicious moments. Such an attitude is more likely to be occasioned, however, by a single performance than by repeated hearings. One wishes Bernstein had held a recorded Missa in abevance a few years more.

Most of the strong points in the performance are predictable: unaccustomed coloristic variety, vigor, a fresh and often unorthodox approach, and capitalization on pictorial elements, such as the grand rising line on "et ascendit in coelum." A few others, though, come as a surprise.

Often, however, exaggerations either obscure meaning or make what should be poignant merely rhetorical. On occasion the conductor seems to confuse crescendo with accelerando; some of the rapid imitative sections (i.e. Laudamus te) emerge as something of a scramble. Similarly, the speed increases with each successive fugal entry in In gloria Dei patris, even though Beethoven's instructions read Allegro, ma non troppo e ben marcato.

By the same token, a dolce phrase marking within a larghetto section (just prior to Qui tollis, for example) tempts Bernstein to slow down. Both the Westminster Choir and the Philharmonic respond in virtuoso fashion, but the results come uncomfortably close to frenzy on one hand, sluggishness on the other.

These may be minute points viewed within the context of a complete Missa, but such blemishes occur just often enough to detract from the broader lines. They are made all the more annoying by the fact that Bernstein proves equally scrupulous and sensitive in his manipulation of dynamics and tempo elsewhere. How beautifully, for instance, he follows Beethoven's directions in molding the final phrase of the first movement; gradually he reduces orchestra and chorus from a robust *forte* to a *diminuendo* to a *piano* to a hushed *pianissimo* on the words "Kyrie eleison."

Bernstein is hardly aided by Columbia's tubby and sometimes harsh recorded sound. And, by the way, the engineers did little more than the conductor to bring out a maximum of linear clarity in fugal sections. But the microphone does serve as an equalizer of voices, much to the benefit of the four soloists. In Carnegie Hall Farrell's soprano made the quartet a bit top-heavy in volume as well as in artistry. Even here, her contribution is the most striking one. On records, however, the small-scale finesse of Lewis becomes a greater virtue than it could be in a big house. How exquisitely he phrases the opening "Kyrie." Smith's security and stylishness prove real assets in the alto music, and, although Borg was not at his best during his last New York season, his efforts are always musicianly, and in the Agnus Dei more than that.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

Critics' Poll

Continued from page 51

version of Strauss's "Elektra" with Inge Borkh was expressed by Leo Lerman, *Mademoiselle,* though it appeared as runner-up on several other replies.

Among recordings of orchestral works, a thread of agreement was almost as hard to find as an unrecorded symphony by Tchaikovsky. But, even as that impossibility will probably soon come to pass when the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy performs the one currently being called No. 7 in the concert hall, so there were at least a half a dozen "Ayes" for the late Sir Thomas Beecham's recording with the Royal Philharmonic of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" on the Capitol label. They included critics Bookspan, Clark, Dettmer, Gessler, Rabb, and Wallace. Among other issues which had plural endorsements were Beecham's Symphony No. 1 of Bizet (a favorite of Warren Twyford, Norfolk (Va.) *Virginian-Pilot),* the four Schumann symphonies conducted by George Szell with the Cleveland Orchestra and issued by Epic, Benjamin Britten's Spring Symphony (London), the Rachmaninoff Symphony No. 2 by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Command), a preference of Donald Steinfurst of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Post-Gazette.*

For several, the answer to the question "outstanding new artist" was still Sviatoslav Richter, but in a more literal reckoning, favor was about equally divided between the young Italian pianist Maurizio Pollini, who had the approval of Cliff Coleman, Honolulu (Ha.) *Star-Bulletin,* Earl Sands, Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune,* and five others, and the Russian soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, who was sometimes mentioned for her recital of Russian songs (RCA Victor), as by E. Clyde Whitlock, Fort Worth (Tex.) *Star-Telegram,* and sometimes for her part in various recordings from the Soviet Union. The young violinist Erick Friedman (RCA Victor) struck F. W. Wollsey, Louisville (Ky.) *Times,* as the happiest new experience of the year, a thought echoed by four others (Messrs. Gessler, Krupnick, Marsh, and Pangborn). As Mmes. Sutherland, Vishnevskaya, and Price (for her Verdi arias and "Christmas Offering") were the female vocalists most frequently mentioned in their several catergories, so the outstanding male singers were Gérard Souzav, for Fauré's "La Bonne Chanson" (Epic), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (not only for Angel's "Flying Dutchman," but also for several lieder discs) and, retrospectively, the late Jussi Bjoerling, whose "Beloved Bjoerling" (Capitol) was mentioned by five.

ODDLY enough, a number (eight) of critics who couldn't agree on much of anything else thought that the best pop album of the year was "Judy at Carnegie Hall" (Capitol). They were led by Larry Colton, Portland (Me.) *Press Herald,* and Walter Grueninger, *Consumer Bulletin.* Columbia's Berg album was selected as the "most commendable enterprise" of 1961 by Joseph Roddy, *Look,* and the "Landmarks of America" (Enrichment) by Les Zacheis, Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette.*

For more than a few it was clear that 1961 impressed them as a year in which the base rested on very much the same ground as before and showed little tendency to move. "Less quantity, more quality" was a prevailing plaint; "Why the same things over and over?" another. "The endless duplication of so many standard works should be a real headache to the person who has to buy his records," says one writer who shall be momentarily nameless. "How does one choose? Frankly I don't know," he concludes. 'Tis a puzzlement which, in substantial numbers of cases, is being resolved by playing the old rather than buying the new.

—I.K.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Quartets, Opus 51, Nos. 1 and 2. Fine Arts Quartet. Concert Disc CS 226, $4.98.	One could go far (indeed, close to the Central Europe locale in which Brahms composed these works) without finding performances of more substance, understanding, and technical excellence. The intricate part-weaving has been thoroughly studied out so that full attention can be given to the eventual destination of each without delays en route for an unexpected turn of a phrase or trend of an idea. If there is a limitation to be noted vis-à-vis the performances of some other groups that have recorded these works, it might be in terms of the richness of the sound itself—which is, perhaps, more related to the quality of the available instruments than to the players of them. The recording is admirable in texture and balance.
Chopin: Preludes. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol SP 8561, $5.98.	Pennario sustains an admirable evenness of tone, clarity and order in his playing of the twenty-four pieces; indeed, there are more than a few of his better-known contemporaries who might envy the agility and control of his finger work. For the most part, however, that is the extent of lively interest in these performances, for the contrasts of mood are insufficiently marked, the quick transitions in character often reduced merely to faster or slower. Now and then, as in the D flat prelude, or the B flat, he develops an atmosphere of rather appealing sentiment, but almost all the preludes in faster tempi are occasions for exercise in velocity and little more. Very good piano reproduction.
Dvorak: "Rusalka" excerpts (Overture, "Silver Moon," "Here she appeared," Polonaise, "And were you human," "Life has now cast me off," "Why did you call me to your arms?"). Ludmila Cervinkova, Beno Blachut, Eduard Haken, with Jaroslav Krombholc conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Prague National Theatre. Supraphon SUA 10101, $5.98.	These excerpts from a complete "Rusalka" provide more than just a sampling of Dvorak's affecting treatment of the tale of a water sprite who falls in love with a human. It provides some of the best music in the score (especially the "Moon" aria favored by such sopranos of the past as Emmy Destinn and Dorothy Maynor), and a voice of real beauty in the otherwise too little known Cervinkova (she is also in Smetana's "Kiss" on Colosseum 184/5). Blachut produces some remarkable effects in the high range of the writing for the Prince; Haken is a suitably rough-sounding-Gnome. Krombholc's highly charged conducting is fairly represented in the recording, though its frequency response is somewhat curtailed.
Janacek: Concertino, Capriccio. Josef Palenicek, piano, with chamber groups. Artia MK 1559, $5.98.	However irregular the construction of these works—the Concertino sounds almost like an improvisation, the Capriccio is written for left hand alone, with an ensemble of flute, two trumpets, three trombones and tuba—the amount of musical compulsion conveyed is substantial. The Capriccio (written not for the famous Paul Wittgenstein, but for Otakar Hollmann, a Czech who also lost his right arm in World War I) is especially possessive, perhaps because of its oddly assorted instrumental elements. It adds up, nevertheless, to a singular combination of sound, now bitterly empty, now sardonically snarling. It does not apply itself particularly to the kind of virtuosity for which Ravel strove in his left hand concerto. Performances are clean and incisive, the reproduction of a satisfactory monophonic standard.
Loeffler: Deux Rapsodies. Armand Basile, piano, Robert Sprenkle, oboe, and Francis Tursi, viola. McCauley: Five Miniatures. Barlow: "Night Song." Joseph Mariano, flute, with the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra conducted by Howard Hanson. Mercury SR 90277, $5.98.	If literature has an honored place for the minor poet, why not a comparable category in music? Simply, perhaps, because the notion of "classic" (subdivided into what is similarly breveted as "light classic") is so thoroughly established. Here, certainly, are three instances of thoroughly listenable works by minor composers, which are in no way classics but invite an order of performance which would do honor to any material of whatever substance. Least known is the name of McCauley, currently director of music at the O'Keefe Center in Toronto, whose background includes study at Eastman. His diverting fancies for flute and strings ("Adventurous," "Dolorous," "Dextrous," "Languorous," and "Capricious") are beautifully played by Mariano and the strings directed by Hanson. The recording is uncommonly pure and quietly realistic.
Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," "Ein Musikalischer Spass" (K. 522), Divertimento in D (K. 136). Karl Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. London CS 6207, $5.98.	There is value, plus, in this combination not only for the quantity of fine music offered, but also for the quality of the performances and the ringing brightness of the reproduction. Münchinger's ensemble is, if anything, better than ever, a model of responsiveness to his poised, purposeful direction. Of particular note is the "Musical Joke," whose stilted measures are almost too well performed for full justice to its plodding, formula-ridden parody of "style." However, the purpose of the piece seems lost on the anonymous annotator whose view it is that "the 'shocking' effect of these wrong notes do not fall so terribly on the more catholic modern ear and who, anyway, save the learned, is to derive amusement from a musical solecism?" In other words, the addition of a third eye to a Rembrandt would make it just another Picasso.
Schubert: Mass in C (No. 4). Laurence Dutoit, soprano, Rose Bahl, alto, Kurt Equiluz, tenor, and Kunikazu Ohashi, bass, with the Akademie Kammerchor and strings conducted by George Barati. Lyrichord LL 101, $4.98.	A work of 1816, when Schubert was nineteen, this score is true to the tradition of Mozart, not only in its treatment of the vocal parts, but also in the use of an embellishing string group to extend the support of the organ. Most of the elements available to Barati are capable (Miss Dutoit in particular has vocal promise of no common sort) but the performance and values are of a rather generalized kind—that is to say, not marked by carefully differentiated dynamics, nuances of phrasing or emphasis. Moreover, the recording sounds as though it were made in a church, which is very well for "atmosphere" but not so good for definition, balance, or even response through the tonal range (the organ bass is rarely audible).
Shostakovich: Quartet No. 4, Opus 83, and Quintet Opus 57. Janacek Quartet, with Eva Bernathova, piano. Artia ALP (S) 188, $5.98.	When a final summing up is in order, it may be decided that the chamber music catalogue of Shostakovich, with its steady additions, contains the largest bulk of his mature creation. Both of these works are more than ten years old (1949 for the quartet, 1940 for the quintet) but they have a freshness and vitality not so consistently sustained in his recent works of larger scope. In this respect there is little to choose between them, for the materials are, in each case, ideally suitable to the purposes to which they are put. If there is a criticism it would be in terms of a tendency to build a climax by the use of small fragments of theme climbing up the scale. Performances are excellent, as is reproduction. In its category, this stereo is as good as anybody's.
Torroba: Sonatina, "Suite Castellana," Nocturna. Ponce: Valse, Thème Varié et Finale, and Twelve Preludes. John Williams, guitar. Westminster WST 14138, $5.98.	This is in every way as remarkable a disc as its predecessor by Williams (*SR*, Oct. 31, 1959). For those who may have missed the prior identification, he is a young (twenty) artist of Australian birth and English residence who has uncommon sensitivities for his chosen instrument. This includes, in addition to acutely adjusted dynamic gradations, a superior conception of the resonant sound obtainable from the guitar, and a fine range of skills for achieving it. Musically, the works here performed are not as demanding as the Bach, Villa-Lobos, Albeniz, etc. contained on the earlier disc (Washington), but he makes the listening equally absorbing. As the guitar is one instrument whose reproduced sound can approach perfection, this is very close to that elusive ideal. —I.K.

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Liszt

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to the Lisztian elite of the highest order?

Liszt's pupils vs. other virtuosos? The true evaluation of artistic merit rests upon the comparison of many readings unswayed by the magnetism of the omnipresent publicity. If an objective listener admires Lamond in his exemplary "Tarantella," he would probably be enthralled by Hofmann's, which surpasses the former and all other known versions in every respect.

Surveying Liszt's pupils, no airtight conclusions emerge. They differ in many qualities, not excluding choice of tempos. Only on rare occasions they may reveal a certain similarity in presenting a new expression not indicated in the score. Friedheim's and Lamond's "Feux Follets" incorporate an admirable accelerando (m.108, on), probably adopted from Liszt himself. Of modern pianists, only Ashkenazy follows this agogic innovation, inherited either from old discs or his old teachers. It was a startling experience to discover that Busoni uses it too, on his piano roll, but curiously omits it from his rich edition of Liszt's works, which includes many valuable compositions not found in Sauer's faithful and sober collection.

In many respects Busoni, as a Lisztian, went ahead of the authentic Liszt pupils. Those who played Liszt a great deal, or who studied with him, or loved him, were not necessarily among his greatest exponents. Neither are those who can play phenomenally one or two works (Solomon, as in the 15th Rhapsody or Darré in a "Paganini Caprice"). His most accomplished disciples are those who made an effort to perceive the more profound elements in Liszt compositions and who were able to communicate many of them through their own creative pianism. Whether this pianism was inspired by original sources or tributaries does not matter for there are hundreds of rivulets leading to and from the Lisztian lake.

In a most un-Lisztian way, instead of concluding with a Cadenza di Bravura, this opus ends with a modest hint directed to our recording magnates. In their hands lie two separate, unreleased, and invigorating series of recordings connected with Liszt, which would leave no listener indifferent. One series could be devoted to Liszt's pupils, regardless of the effort involved. The other can be an anthology of the most impressive Liszt readings in existence. Select a jury. Let them listen without knowing who is playing. Then vote. But—above all—start action before another anniversary: Liszt waited long enough during his lifetime for the fruition and fulfillment of his artistic endeavors.

Friedheim's Recollection

IN CHOOSING a book on Liszt many readers would prefer a volume written by one of his disciples, just as many performers favor authentic fascimile editions. From this standpoint Arthur Friedheim's memoir "Life and Liszt" (Taplinger, $6) offers some valid firsthand evidence. The Russian-born virtuoso, who died in 1932, was an unflagging paladin of Franz Liszt, associated with him for the last six years of the master's life.

The book is based on two sources: Friedheim's erudite study of Liszt translated from the German, and his personal reminiscences interwoven *ad libitum* by the editor in this single volume. Friedheim's memoir never existed in manuscript form but was dictated three decades ago directly to his daughter's typewriter. Later, it was edited by Friedheim's wife, and recently re-edited by publishers.

Past experience has disclosed divergences between written confessions and verbally recorded anecdotes, and here, too, the bohemian and piquant stories vary in originality and merit. Some of them will undoubtedly appear as novel to *all* readers, the others have a familiar, long echo. On the other hand, a man like Hans von Bülow, spicy and picturesque, emerges as a figure fit to fill the requirements of the great film of Liszt which we are still awaiting. Of considerable human interest are the accounts depicting Friedheim's brief meetings with social, literary, and musical celebrities, including Saint-Saëns, Brahms, Hugo, Turgenev, and Albert Einstein—this time as a violinist.

Side by side with these matters, Friedheim discusses Liszt in various familiar facets. We meet his master as pianist, composer, conductor, teacher, writer, and man of the world. Friedheim's true concern is, however, to present the controversial personality of Liszt in a new, deeper perspective. He revaluates conspiracies and intrigues against an embattled Liszt, spotlights his manifold contributions, and records his innovations such as inventing the "piano recital."

Friedheim's short comparison between Liszt and Chopin betrays a less perceptive observer than his focus on the widespread unpopularity of Liszt compositions. Jealousy, Friedheim tells us, was not the cause, but the difficulties inherent in discovering an innovator whose music was performed indifferently and inadequately. The public was unable to understand what the performer failed to comprehend himself. Even Liszt's own pupils, not excluding Sauer, Bülow, and d'Albert, managed to misunderstand Liszt's most advanced contributions for a long while, Friedheim being the exception.

The genuine virtues of this book have their corresponding vices, a few to be attributed to the editor. Therefore two separate lines of criticism should follow. Nobody shall argue that the forgotten author needs a restoration, but is it needed at the cost of two dozen pages of promotion? Starting with Friedheim as a "Titan of the keyboard," the editor cites Hichens, who praised even the false notes in Friedheim's performances. First the skeptical and later the ecstatic Huneker is unearthed: evidently no sinner is more desirable than a repentent one.

But the essential shortcoming of this excellent book lies in a different region. On opening such a volume every optimistic reader would expect to find an expert and concrete comparison between Liszt's and Rubinstein's interpretations and teaching methods as witnessed by a man who was intimately associated with both giants of the keyboard. This hope is not quite fulfilled. Just as "Friedheim played with wonderful expression" is a cliché which tells us nothing about his pianism, so Friedheim himself fails to communicate the quality of Liszt's performances. What we get are constant appetizers without the main dish. These lapses are the more striking from a man who himself laments Wagner's failure to report at length about Liszt's colossal reading of Beethoven's Opus 106. Yet Friedheim, who never heard Liszt at his prime, risks the assertion that Rosenthal and Godowsky "went beyond Liszt in specialized phases of *méchanisme*." All these matters still await a more clairvoyant writer.

For our final consideration let us recall the author's remark that both Anton Rubinstein and Saint-Saëns died disillusioned. At the very end Friedheim states, "I am content." A reader with contrapuntal sense might answer, "I am less so." But even such a reader ought to remember that this book, despite all charges, fills some pertinent gaps in Liszt's history, and that numerous quotes will be used with advantage in future works devoted to the glorious master of Weimar. —J.H.

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Musical Theatre on the Round

IN A season which has, to date, included musical works of one sort or another by such valued hands as Richard Adler, Noel Coward, Frank Loesser, and Arthur Schwartz—to give them their alphabetical due—there is little doubt that the most attention has been attracted by the talents of young, little-known Jerry Herman. Doubtless the former are penalized for having long since reached standards well above the average of the young and little-known, but that should not deny the score of "Milk and Honey" (RCA Victor LOC/LSO 1065, $4.98/5.98) the honors to which Herman is honestly entitled.

For purposes of home listeners, it gains immeasurably from having Robert Weede and Mimi Benzell to sing "Shalom" and Molly Picon to perform "Chin Up, Ladies." That is to say, they have the kind of vocal talents that might reasonably have been expected to be heard on records before the day of Paul Lukas, Rex Harrison, and Rosalind Russell in "musicals." Aside from the insistence of the first phrase and a half of "Milk and Honey" on sounding like "Only Bravest Hearts" from Gounod's "Faust," Herman's music has a jolly kind of jauntiness that is welcome to hear. Also, in the lyrics (by himself) for "Shalom" and "Milk and Honey," as in the music for these and "Independence Hora," Herman has contrived to infuse some sense of the locale (Israel) in his product. Now and then, Herman tends to follow rather closely in the footsteps of some illustrious predecessors, but he demonstrates, prevailingly, a stride of his own that could take him far.

AMONG those predecessors, one of the most illustrious who is himself in full stride this season is Frank Loesser, whose score for "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (RCA Victor LOC 1066, $4.98) strikes me as his happiest effort since "Guys and Dolls." This nominates it as superior not only to the short-lived "Greenwillow" but also to the long-running "Most Happy Fella." Whereas, in the last of these, Loesser seemed to me to be striving for a scale of writing not quite comfortable for him, in "How to Succeed" he is clearly working in the genre manner he knows so well, making of such a semicomic conceit as "Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm" something melodically delightful as well as lyrically entertaining. Likewise, "Coffee Break," "A Secretary Is Not a Toy," and "The Company Way," rather than being elements of a score in which the music is secondary to the action—as I have seen it described—have a perfectly functional part in the wholeness of "How to Succeed."

Oddly enough, while working with singers lacking the vocal range of Weede, Jo Sullivan, and Art Lund in "Most Happy Fella," Loesser has produced more ingenious lyric lines and rhythmic patterns for the limited voices at his command. Probably the intent here was to provide maximum audibility for the words, but, since he does both, Loesser seems to have served himself even better than he planned. As for "Been a Long Day," Loesser has performed a variation on "Baby, It's Cold Outside" (duo into trio), all the more appealing since the basic idea was his own (1948).

As the foregoing (plus the parodistic "Grand Old Ivy," which may serve Rudy Vallee as another "Maine Stein Song") are all on Side 1 of the "original cast" album, the total of quality it contains should be evident. Probably for reasons inherent in the "drama," "Paris Original," "Rosemary," "Cinderella, Darling," "Love from a Heart of Gold," and "Brotherhood of Man" (a kind of secular "When the Saints Go Marching In") are not as aurally suasive, but each has lyrico-theatre plot values that are doubtless self-justifying in the theatre. Freshness returns just in time for a melodic uplift before curtain time in "I Believe in You," perfectly delivered by Robert Morse. Not to be forgotten, either, are the aptest kind of vocal style for what they do from Claudette Sutherland, Bonnie Scott, and Virginia Martin. As for the clever orchestrations of Robert Ginzler, they are often as clever in their vocalstrations for performers who really can't sing. You'd hardly know it, however, from the way in which they are supported, carried and, when need be, discreetly drowned out.

What we have, in most of the other current instances, are less performances of scores than a notable song or two surrounded at "album length" by what the audiences have to sit through to hear them. In the case of "Sail Away" it is, of course, Elaine Stritch making the most of the opportunities of "Why Do the Wrong People Travel" (Capitol SWAO 1643, $6.98). In other, less "sophisticated" times, this would have been one side of a "single" with the entertaining spoof of the Rodgers-Hammerstein "Alphabet Song" (in "The Sound of Music") called "The Little One's ABC" on the other. However, this would doubtless have been close to the two-dollar category, and for relatively little more, the LP of "Sail Away" offers nearly a dozen others.

IN "Kean" (Columbia KOL 5720, $5.98), the single "theme" is the rather lengthier one of Alfred Drake's polished performance in the part of the nineteenth-century English actor. As Edmund Kean was, among other things, an eminent Shakespearian, this romance tends to invite a style of performance and an arrangement of emphasis that arouse recollections of Drake's performance in "Kiss Me Kate." So far all is well, for Drake has sustained his capacity to be compelling longer than any musical comedy baritone has a right to, thanks to his sound vocal manners and his excellent enunciation. The sticky point is that, unlike the case with Drake's "Kismet," in which they had a bank of fine ideas by Alexander Borodin on which to draw, Robert Wright and George Forrest are here drawing on their own. (Honesty is not always the best musical policy.) —I.K.

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Mravinsky's Tchaikovsky

IT IS easy to find flaws in practically any performance, but when one is faced with such satisfying interpretations as those by Eugene Mravinsky and the Leningrad Philharmonic of the last three Tchaikovsky symphonies (Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18657-8-9, $5.98 each) the task is more difficult than usual. It is hard to answer the question, "What is so particularly remarkable since they have been superbly conducted already by many great conductors?" To anyone who wants a specific answer to this, I would suggest listening to Wilhelm Mengelberg's two records of Tchaikovsky's Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, recently reissued (Telefunken Collectors Series TH 97001 and 97002). There is no doubt that Mengelberg with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra plays them as well as one would expect, and yet the Leningrad Orchestra's rendition is definitely superior. Perhaps it is because the Russians seem to believe in every note of the score and apparently are not a bit hamstrung by the decades-old criticism of Tchaikovsky's music as being oversentimental, banal, and even "*pompeux,*" a word the French like to dismiss it with. Or should I say that this rendition is so authentic, so true, because it has no foreign accent? To quote Pushkin in his Prologue to "Russlan and Ludmilla," "There reigns the Russian spirit, there it smells of Russia."

Listening to this orchestra, one is particularly impressed by their "ensemble playing," due, of course, to an extraordinary discipline—a discipline one often finds in Western orchestras, but somehow does not expect from the Russians, and for good reason. In the history of Russian music Russian orchestras have never been known to be exceptionally good, since for such a large and musical country Russia produced rather a small number of outstanding conductors—by comparison with Germany, for example. After mentioning Balakirev, Safonov, Napravnik, Blumenfeld, Rachmaninoff, and Koussevitzky, there is not much left to add to this list. But now the old generation, and this includes also a number of merely *tüchtige* conductors who did their work at the Maryinsky Theatre, Bolshoi, and the opera houses in Kiev, Odessa, and Tiflis, are no longer alive. And the list of conductors "since the Revolution" is even smaller. Two of them, Kondrashin and Ivanov, have played for our audiences without leaving much of an impression. There are still a few conductors with whom we are acquainted through their recordings—Samosud, Nebolsin, and Rachlin—but none of them is considered in Russia as good as Eugene Mravinsky.

I am inclined to agree with this opinion, although I still would not place Mravinsky on the same level with the first-rate conductors in Europe or in this country. If I had not met him some fifteen years ago at the First International Festival in Prague, if I had not seen him at work at rehearsals and had not gained through personal contact some knowledge of his personality, I would not have been surprised by his achievement with his orchestra. Then forty-four years old, tall and lean, he was as dogmatic with the men in the orchestra as he was in social intercourse, and showed so little warmth that one would hardly believe that he was a musician.

He was born in Leningrad, where he made his studies and his career, and he is very chauvinistic about that city. I remember well how he did not want me to forget the difference between Leningrad and Moscow—the former always carrying on the tradition of "The Mighty Five."

AT THE time of our meeting Mravinsky was just beginning to "create" this orchestra and he was eager to hear great conductors in live performances, for he knew them only from those recordings that reached Russia. Then he was a great admirer of Toscanini only, and I gained an impression that his admiration was caused especially by the orchestral discipline of the late Maestro. Mravinsky must have set this as an example for his own orchestra.

However, the Moscovites (speaking privately) thought that Mravinsky drilled his musicians in a military fashion worthy of Czar Paul I, who after watching a parade is said to have remarked: "It's too bad you still can see them breathe." And the Moscovites (again speaking privately) regretted that Mravinsky had no opportunity to go to Europe before 1956.

Nevertheless, the discipline seems to have done the orchestra no harm, and if now Mravinsky plays everything else as well as these Tchaikovsky symphonies, I venture to predict that the Leningrad Philharmonic's forthcoming visit to this country next fall will create a sensation. —VICTOR SEROFF.

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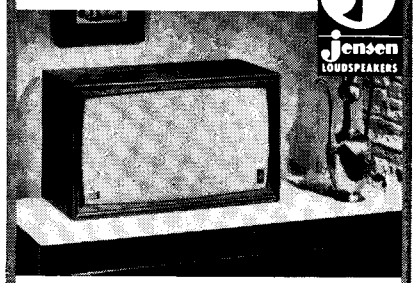

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

THE HALL AND THE ORCHESTRA

LEO BERANEK'S ARTICLE, "A New System for Rating Concert Hall Acoustics" [*SR*, Nov. 25], indicates a thorough investigation of what is necessary acoustically for a good concert hall. He talks about clarity, brilliance, loudness, balance and blend, etc., but nowhere does he mention the position of the orchestra in the hall, which is the most important factor of all.

Apparently Mr. Beranek approves of a "stage enclosure" and this in itself is the primary reason why most of the concert halls in the United States are almost completely inadequate for the presentation of symphonic concerts. The less "enclosure" there is, the better the hall. An example of a truly superb hall is the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, where the orchestra is placed on a raised platform at one end of the hall, with no "enclosure" at all except the ceiling. . . .

ROBERT E. BENSON.
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "position of the orchestra in the hall" can hardly be the responsibility of an acoustical expert.*

SQUEAKS AND PEAKS

I NOTICE WITH much interest the various letters you have published concerning record surface noise. One correspondent blasts RCA records, another Angel and Capitol records, and John Holt of Boston seems to have difficulty with most of the companies.

There is no doubt that some records are afflicted with noisy grooves and I would not say that all the complaints are groundless. But I honestly feel that the records are not the main offender; I would put the blame on various components that have peaks in the high frequency range. . . .

I will not name those cartridges that I feel are afflicted with high frequency peaks, as I am not here to criticize any particular manufacturer. And it is really not necessary to point out which of our present-day loudspeakers are guilty of these same peaks, because a trip to any audio dealer and intent listening will prove the point. . . Let us not blame the records when the fault lies elsewhere, and let me hasten to add that I am a clothing manufacturer and not an audio salesman.

JOSEPH H. SCHWARTZ.
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps that is what is wrong with audio . . . not enough clothing manufacturers in it.*

RATING FOR "ENSEMBLE"

JUST A COMMENT, with all due respect, on Mr. Beranek's placing ensemble at the bottom of the list in his informative "A New System for Rating Concert Hall Acoustics." If members of an orchestra are unable to hear one another, I doubt if the orchestra would be worth listening to in such an acoustically perfect hall. How could they match phrases or maintain rhythmic clarity?

WILLIAM KRAFT,
Member of Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The sequence is functional, not qualitative. "Ensemble" is a product of other factors, not an absolute in itself.*

LACKS OF THE "VOICE"

THE SUGGESTION by Irving Kolodin in the September 9 issue of *SR* "that Voice of America have its budget amended to acquire, through cash payments, rights to tape specific performances by the Metropolitan, the New York Philharmonic, or the Boston Symphony, or any opera companies and orchestras wishing to participate" is an excellent one.

The transmission of cultural broadcast seems to be a lacuna in the total program complement of the Voice of America. The puerilities of overextended jazz programmings hardly lend themselves to creating the image of cultural wealth in the heart of America. The total programming is adequate; Mr. Kolodin's amendment would do much to enhance our worldwide transmission. Careful listening to the Voice of America is my daily fare. Nightfall oftentimes brings a spasm of indigestion because of an obvious puerility in program selection. Let's hope that Mr. Kolodin's suggestion warrants a hearing in the office of the program director of the Voice of America.

EDW. R. KILLACKEY.
Shinyanga, Tanganyika

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Second Time Around

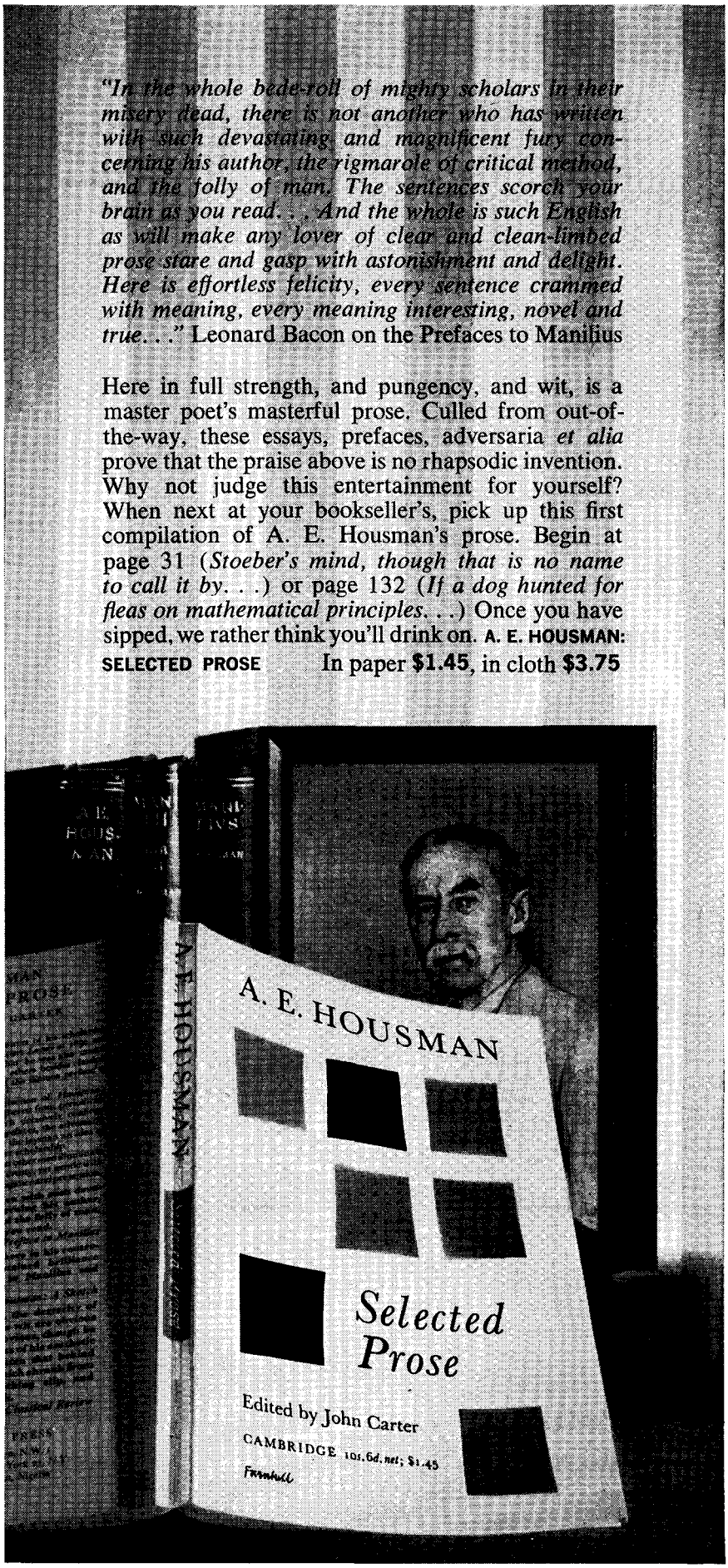
Continued from page 17

with a twenty-year but a fifty-year lag. And Paris, its beds of fall geraniums blooming in every public place, was resplendent. By city ordinance, the city was scrubbing its buildings. Nor were the buildings being scrubbed simply of the grime accumulated since 1939 but of the grime that has frosted their beauty since 1914. As the buildings emerge from two generations of dark gray soot into the pastel beige and cream colors of French sandstone, one can see it as Frenchmen must have seen it in 1914 when France was great, and Europe, too.

Proudly, some French economists insisted that, since 1952, French industry had built plant and equipment equivalent to the entire previous investment in plant and equipment in all French history. I had lived in Paris through the Marshall Plan years of 1948 to 1952 and could tell myself that America's contribution to all this was still there like bedrock under foundation—the dams America had financed to make electricity, the steel for railways and bridges, the first rolling mills to stimulate the steel expansion of Lorraine, the food that had brought France through domestic crisis in tranquillity. But all had passed in the flow of time and made no echo in anyone's conversation in 1961.

What we had purchased with the $5 billion sent to France, it was clear in 1961, was not friendship, and certainly not docility from the present government of France or any government of Europe. We had purchased Power; and Europe, its energies meshing and uniting for the first time as a result of American initiative, was a new power fact of primordial importance, of a power which by its nature must be on our side. If Communism had won China, then we had won Western Europe with its 200,000,000 people; and Europe with its skills, energies, genius, and numbers more than balanced China.

This was a victory; and it struck me now that it was characteristic of the kind of victories America has won and will win that they are entirely different from the kind of victories that Communism wins. No Communists were ever voted to power — they seize, orchestrate the public report of their work, announce each new success in a clap of thunder and stun the world. All victories of democracies—except those won in war—are won slowly, by the daily accumulation of achievement on achievement, by the slow clearing of the path of opportunity, and so, by their nature, are unrecognized. Yet it



"In the whole bede-roll of mighty scholars in their misery dead, there is not another who has written with such devastating and magnificent fury concerning his author, the rigmarole of critical method, and the folly of man. The sentences scorch your brain as you read. . . And the whole is such English as will make any lover of clear and clean-limbed prose stare and gasp with astonishment and delight. Here is effortless felicity, every sentence crammed with meaning, every meaning interesting, novel and true. . . ." Leonard Bacon on the Prefaces to Manilius

Here in full strength, and pungency, and wit, is a master poet's masterful prose. Culled from out-of-the-way, these essays, prefaces, adversaria *et alia* prove that the praise above is no rhapsodic invention. Why not judge this entertainment for yourself? When next at your bookseller's, pick up this first compilation of A. E. Housman's prose. Begin at page 31 (*Stoeber's mind, though that is no name to call it by. . .*) or page 132 (*If a dog hunted for fleas on mathematical principles. . .*) Once you have sipped, we rather think you'll drink on. **A. E. HOUSMAN: SELECTED PROSE** In paper **$1.45**, in cloth **$3.75**

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was essential, it seemed to me, that America as well as the Communists recognize the nature and appearance of its victories; for only then can America's limitations be measured and its vulnerability be curtailed.

It was six hours by jet back from Europe to America this fall of 1961—lunch in Paris and (with the time differential) cocktails in New York. The transoceanic clipper of 1961 was, however, no longer received by the tower at Idlewild as the old Martin Flying Boat was received at the Golden Gate in 1941. At Idlewild, the plane was no longer an adventurer returning from the hazard of ocean flight; the chief hazard now was whether this blip on the radarscope in the tower could be efficiently strained from all the other blips hurtling through the crowded sky into New York. The trip was routine, only the terminal traffic hazardous.

Yet the scrutiny of the flight from the tower of Idlewild involved far more than the routine of safety—and reached far beyond Idlewild. Long before this plane passed the mid-Atlantic, invisible webs of radar had been reaching for it in the air, caught it, checked, screened it as friendly or hostile, followed it down the long North Atlantic air lanes; and at Goose Bay Field in Labrador, the fighter planes had been ready to scramble and challenge it at any suspicious deviation.

Nothing now passes through the high air on any frontier of America that is not thus checked, instantly and with the utmost precision. For America is vulnerable now as it was not twenty years ago, and the world it has sought to make one has become frighteningly tight—to be girdled at leisure in a month, or by a missile in anger in an hour.

The homecoming traveler returns in 1961 from a world that waits and presses on America for responses just as impatiently as it waited in 1941. Only today, the impatience of the outer world is surpassed by that of Americans at home who demand of their leadership that single stroke of action, that one clear response which will settle all as it did in 1941, when a declaration of war, the exertion of force and power, could do it.

But this, ultimately, is the chief learning the returning traveler brings back from the second time around: that America and her friends, just as her Communist enemies, will never again be able to enjoy the luxury of the clear response, can never anticipate the broad clean stroke that settles all as it cleaves.

Whatever business there is to transact in making an orderly world will indeed wait on American leadership—but the business will stretch over decades and generations. And not simply because America is vulnerable—it is because of the manner in which, without recognizing it, we have helped change the world.

FOR we have carried with us for twenty years the same set of ideas that took us into The Great War and gave us victory. That war was, fundamentally, a civil war in the Atlantic civilization coupled with a raid by the Japanese into empires of Asia that lived in thrall to the Atlantic civilization. It seemed only natural that once Atlantic civilization had settled its violent differences and crushed the Japanese, order would automatically be re-established, the world become one, framed in a United Nations. And yet the war, creating and fostering the technologies to bind the world into one, freed its many communities to go their separate ways ungoverned by the traditions of the Atlantic World which, in 1941, seemed to promise to dominate it.

For there is in 1961 not One World. Nor even Two Worlds. There are a diverse medley of communities gathered together in a spurious unity by debate and technologies. These communities do not move in an orderly flow of history from one level to another, from each predictable stage to the next to a final common standard of civilization—rather, they exist in a common convulsion where old systems and myths die at differing rates, where men hunger for new faiths as much as they hunger for material well-being, where pent-up racial hatreds surge out of the past beyond the control of reason, where the impulses of science and technology speed men's hopes but never as fast as these hopes speed forward on their own.

To this kind of convulsion there can be no one clear response, no definite solution in the life of any man who lives in the twentieth century—and, above all, no final victory. The convulsion is too vast for any single strategy to master—either the democratic or the Communist.

What obscures the problem most is the dialogue in which for years it has been couched, ever since Woodrow Wilson cast the great phrase "making the world safe for democracy." In implementing the phrase we have ourselves confused two aspects of American life and thus confused others, too. We have equated the spectacular material mastery of Americans over technology and industry with the more spectacular American mastery of a set of political principles that gives all men private dignity with liberty and order. We have learned, in the years of our aid programs, to be able to export our material skills. But where growing material well-being brings neither effective government (as in Vietnam) nor friendship (as in India) we have accepted these developments as failures of our political principles, too, and thus as defeat.

Rather than seeing our own political systems as the ultimate sophistication in the art of government, we have tried to export it to peoples unable to master even the more primitive forms of authoritarian government. We have extended aid to many peoples whether they were ready for it or not, whether or not (as in some cases) our aid weakened rather than strengthened the governments we were trying to help. We have committed ourselves to a theory which holds that political neuroses can in all cases be cured by material help.

A newer theory and newer strategy for 1961 and the years that follow require a more realistic appreciation of the many worlds that inhabit one globe.

For America, the world presents a series of gambles and each of a different kind. Some we will win and some we will lose—and, unless it comes to war, whether we win or lose depends essentially on how other people go about solving their own problems, on how they grope their way to govern themselves. The Surge that we have

Important Announcement

This double year-end issue of the *Saturday Review* spans a two-week period. The next issue will be January 6th—the World Travel Calendar and Photo Award Issue, first of many colorful and important features scheduled for 1962.

Because there will be no issue of December 30th, all *Saturday Review* subscriptions are automatically being extended for an additional week, so that readers will receive the same number of issues for which they subscribed.

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financed and launched all around the globe will continue now, in Japan as in Europe, in Asia as in Africa, at a rate that may be speeded or slowed by American participation—but it will continue in any event. The politics that flow from this surge will, however, be of other people's making. And only as other peoples clarify their politics will Americans have a chance to choose their own role. There will be victories for Atlantic civilization in the decades ahead—but such victories, as in the making of Europe's union, will be deceptively slow in appearance and the credit will be claimed primarily by others than Americans. So, too, there will be defeats—nor can Americans accept for themselves the blame of such defeats.

In such a world, it is essential for America to discriminate in strategy—to decide what we defend because liberty and our political principles are at stake; to decide what we defend because military security requires it; and to decide which areas of the globe must be left to grope their own way forward without either aid or intervention until they find governments that meet our standards either of decency or effectiveness.

Above all, it will be necessary not merely to defend. What we have lost by trying to defend all is the freedom of creative initiative. Bound by old formulas of lavish aid and timid intervention, we have attempted to administer a set of commitments around the globe in which material things have come first and the doctrines of democratic subversion have come last. Counterinitiative requires discrimination, the choice of where we concentrate our energies, the beginning of elaboration of a political doctrine flexible enough and infectious enough to make our material efforts in the communities we choose produce the political end-results we seek.

Somewhere between the exasperation of total withdrawal and the rigid overcommitment of too many burdens, American statecraft will have to find its middle way. Then only, and if we hold firm long enough, with our power ready but never used, will it be conceivable that, after generations, our political ideas will take root in alien cultures and explode, as liberty always does, when the condition of man is ripe.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Parrot. 2. Fox. 3. Badger. 4. Gull. 5. Monkey. 6. Dog. 7. Rook. 8. Ape. 9. Flounder. 10. Rat. 11. Crane. 12. Buffalo. 13. Skylark. 14. Duck. 15. Snake. 16. Horse. 17. Hound. 18. Wolf. 19. Peacock. 20. Snipe. 21. Whale. 22. Hog. 23. Skunk. 24. Ferret. 25. Cock.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 29

for constructive ideas and programs is most generous. If taken seriously, the offer may itself help to inspire acceptance of this ideal: A man is known by the responsibility he bears.

While spokesmen for current younger generations are announcing a new human right, the right to be irresponsible, someone must be wise enough to accept the responsibilities being abandoned, if mankind is to continue.

ARCHIE J. BAHM,
Professor of Philosophy,
University of New Mexico.
Albuquerque, N.M.

PROBLEMS AND A PROGRAM

THANK YOU FOR the consistently high quality of *SR*'s editorial page and most especially for the suggestion concerning SIR. We are taking it upon ourselves to invite members of this local church to share in a SIR type of program, using the name and initials and focusing our attention on some of the more immediate problems facing society.

(The Rev.) CLARENCE J. FORSBERG,
First Methodist Church.
Eugene, Ore.

THE IDEA OF THE Society for Individual Responsibility is certainly an excellent one. We have a study group which has been trying to follow a plan similar to your outline. At our last meeting we decided to call ourselves the Sir Club. We would be very grateful for any help *SR* could give us.

H. W. RATHE, M.D.
Waverly, Iowa

RESPONSE AND RESPONSIBILITY

IT IS APPARENT to many *SR* readers that man basically finds it more convenient to follow than to lead. Man can readily fulfill his sense of responsibility in contributing to a "worthy" cause or movement by carrying out the prescribed duties of an organization. To *assume* the responsibility as an individual is to accept the promise of unending obligation. No stopping point is evident, no recess forthcoming, for the mind of the inquisitive then becomes the master.

N.C. mentioned that people are exploding out of indifference. The reason, of course, is that many people have taken the trouble to inspire action and have refused the incumbent responsibility of directing it. N.C. recently inspired similar action in us through his editorials concerning fallout shelters; our response was one of concern and question: how can I, as one person, do something? Apparently other readers with similar inclinations made the point. The proposal for a Society for Individual Responsibility is outstanding. Now N.C. has provided the germ of an idea; we shall try to nourish and guide its growth. . . .

ROBERT C. KAUSEN.
LINDA J. KAUSEN.
Belmont, Mass.

MIRTH AND MEANING

YOU ARE TO BE congratulated for the excellent "Salute to Thurber" [*SR*, Nov. 25]. I particularly enjoyed Peter De Vries's article, for its opening sentence is surely true for me: something great, something almost essential, is missing. A great lump came into my throat as I read these salutes. This was soon replaced by a feeling of relief as I read the excerpts from Thurber's work, for I know that his great talent for making us laugh at ourselves and our foibles will always have the power to lift me from the deepest gloomy feelings.

WILLIAM E. ROGERS.
Littleton, Col.

THANK YOU for the "Salute to Thurber." When Mr. Thurber died I shared with so many others the feeling of personal loss in the face of a Thurberless future. His perception of the frustrations and human frailties that lurk below the surface in many seemingly well-adjusted lives gave him an awesome responsibility. Fortunately, he did not choose to blackmail us with this frightening knowledge, as do today's Angry Young Brats. Instead, he wrote about us with gentle candor and wondrous fantasy.

In the days to come man will often be tempted to succumb to the deadly desire to take himself too seriously. When this urge for self-importance presents itself it is my fervent hope that someone somewhere will have the wisdom to bring his fellow human back to reality with an immediate mental transfusion of Thurber's works. (Has anyone considered sending volumes of Thurber to the John Birchers? It might prove the perfect antidote for the swallowers of the *Blue Book*.)

MRS. HENRY GLADE.
North Manchester, Ind.

BERLIN REPORT

I CANNOT RESIST telling you how pleased I was with "Berlin: The Cradle and the Lever," by William D. Patterson [*SR*, Nov. 25].

I happen to be something of an old hand with respect to West Berlin.

Item: In 1948 I flew in on the second day of the airlift, and was buzzed by a Russian plane.

Item: Quite by accident, my wife and I were in West Berlin in August the day they moved up to the wall, and I took motion pictures of American armor in position ahead of Jack Paar.

Item: Lucius Clay and I are old friends.

I have read nothing so balanced or so wise as Mr. Patterson's article.

CLARENCE B. RANDALL.
Chicago, Ill.

ACCURATE PICTURE

THANKS VERY MUCH for William D. Patterson's article on Berlin, which I think accurately and eloquently pictures the situation here. I hope it gets the wide distribution and acceptance it deserves.

LUCIUS D. CLAY,
General, U. S. Army.
West Berlin, Germany

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The Fine Arts

Continued from page 32

professionals goes without saying, for, no matter how well-meaning, the average amateur committee is scarcely more qualified in art than it would be, let's say, in mathematics.

The fact that two months ago the Louvre saw fit to sponsor a retrospective exhibition of almost 300 paintings by Mark Tobey (incidentally the first living American to be so honored since Whistler) is justification for hoping that the White House will follow suit, if only to show one great example by this distinguished artist. Equally appropriate would be famous canvases by Ivan Albright (perhaps "That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do") by Willem de Kooning ("The Attic") by Stuart Davis ("Rapt at Rapaport's"), though his "Colonial Cubism" might here seem more sympathetically titled. Other noted works that immediately come to mind are any one of Calder's brilliantly adjusted mobiles, Edwin Dickinson's mysterious "Composition with Still Life," a late great painting by Jackson Pollock, and Edward Hopper's familiar masterpiece, "Early Sunday Morning." Nor would the list of artists, we hope, overlook such eminent names as Josef Albers, Franz Kline, Georgia O'Keeffe, Morris Graves, Ben Shahn, David Smith, Lyonel Feininger, Arthur Dove, Isamu Noguchi, Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, Joseph Cornell, Jacques Lipchitz, Naum Gabo, Seymour Lipton, Theodore Roszak, Hans Hofmann, John Marin, and many, many more. With only a top example by each man, small exhibitions of large impact could result. Obviously these disparate works would require sensitive (but, let us urge, not tricky) installation and, above all, good lighting. They belong in a room readily available to the public and to foreign diplomats where, well hung, they could do much to offset the idea that American officialdom does little more for its contemporary artists than proclaim annual Grandma Moses days.

—KATHARINE KUH.

JUSTICE

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

"THAT'S justice," said the judge
Cured by the vaccine
Tested by the criminal
He had sentenced to die;
"Now if we could only
Do something about this
Confounded arthritis."

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(Continued from page 65)

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

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STUDENT FLUENT IN RUSSIAN available as guide-interpreter-babysitter for summer trip. Spent last August in U.S.S.R. Age 21. Mary Jennings, 812 McKinley, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1448

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. An entry on the left side of an account.

B. Title of musical comedy, 1917, which has had third longest run of any play in London's history (3 wds.).

C. Any jargon established as a sort of lingua franca for transaction in the Orient.

D. Specifying a sort of "trot" by which fragile things may be safely carried fast.

E. Sir Walter Scott's home for many years.

F. Specifying a "cutthroat" game of cards (comp.).

G. Symbol of vital principle of life (2 wds.).

H. Imperceptibly.

I. Like a sophism.

J. Anything.

K. Crucial place of ultimate victory or defeat (2 wds.)

L. A busybody.

M. Incorporate; use up.

WORDS

168 29 96 35 191

25 17 85 108 38 55 145 113 183 90 156

182 13 130 69 99 171

33 146 101 119 60 153 196 86

187 41 160 8 102 64 1 24 139 57

16 143 47 181 66 118 149 21 80

214 114 92 54 2 199 10 151 23

111 100 71 15 61 63 175 198 174

121 154 75 49 117 82 39 5

201 115 212 59 87

27 3 190 81 204 144 165 84 32

19 107 186 30 79 123 161

163 177 7 88 122 138

DEFINITIONS

N. Less perspicacious than somebody else; less sharp of wit in practical affairs than some person (3 wds.).

O. Remainder unpaid though due.

P. Ankh (2 wds.).

Q. Sudden inundations.

R. Intermittently (3 wds.).

S. Prepare again by infusion and fermentation.

T. Amer. lawyer diplomat, philologist, and collaborator on *Oxford English Dictionary* (1801-82).

U. In a different way.

V. Brave, as expressed on circus programs (comp.).

W. Chords in music based on the thirds from a keynote through its octave plus a fourth.

X. Appoint again for permanence (comp.).

Y. Not at all.

Z. The Jewish daily morning liturgy.

WORDS

167 43 98 20 11 164 213 56 148 22 37

176 195 106 209 192 116 12

105 67 170 93 166 36 134 70 202 125

136 185 203 40 74 53 31 150

155 4 26 129 50 135 9 205

173 178 124 207 197 76

89 132 126 152 109

206 51 180 140 193 34 6 14 46

208 184 194 142 52 189 110 91 133 95 158

172

104 28 72 200 83 127 73 120 62

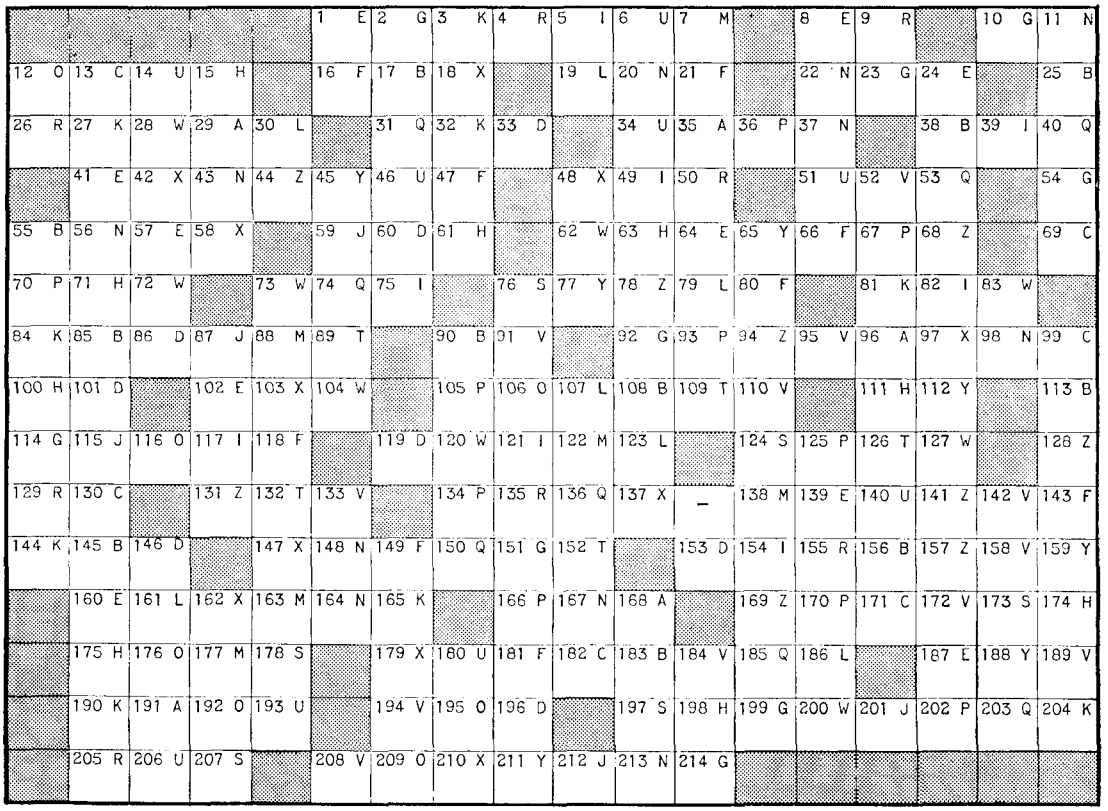
42 18 162 58 137 48 147 210 97 179 103

112 77 65 45 211 188 159

68 94 141 131 128 78 157 44 169

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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